WAS DICK BARTHELMESS JEALOUS OF LILLIAN GISH?

Movie Weekly

April 12, 1924

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Why I'm Glad I'm a Ladies' Man by Adolphe Menjou

More Love Letters of a Movie Star

Ramon Novarro

Photo by APEDA

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Must an Actress know Life to Portray it?

Alice JOYCE tells

Charming *screen favorite*, who has sailed for *England* to make a *new picture*, discusses importance of experience in life for *screen career*

***An Interview with* Regina Cannon**

> "Although it may not be an absolutely essential thing for an actress to know life," said *Miss Joyce*, "experience in life will certainly help her to portray it."

ALICE JOYCE, than whom there is no more beautiful or talented young actress, has decided to do another picture. This time she will appear in a Selznick production called "The Passionate Adventurer," and London will be the locale for the story.

Of course this will necessitate a trip abroad which is something in the light of an added attraction to the film star. Not that Miss Joyce isn't perfectly capable of traveling to all parts of the world and China without a big contract in the offing if she chooses, but there's something novel and interesting and inspiring about trying one's talents in an unfamiliar setting.

We are always glad when Alice Joyce decides to do a picture. It's one of those things one calls a "treat"—like the Christmas check or the Easter hat, and the fact that these treats are like the traditional angels' visits—few and far between, makes us all the more appreciative of them when they do come our way.

Yes, to borrow a little from Grey's exquisite phrasing, whenever Miss Joyce is away from the camera, she is "wasting her sweetness on the desert air." Her personal friends, we dare say, wouldn't agree with us on this point, and we can't say that we blame them, but Alice Joyce has made for herself a place in the movie-going public's affections that no one else can ever fill.

We were lunching with the lady in question at her New York apartment one day last week. Now, we always *expect* to see Alice Joyce looking lovely, but she somehow has a way of exceeding one's expectations. She has had her hair bobbed and it looks perfectly stunning. It's the first time we've ever seen bobbed hair look dignified. It's always just fluffy or cute or boyish, but this particular bobbed cut brings out the lovely contour of its owner's head.

We might mention that Anna Q. Nilsson was at lunch too. She had all the interesting news from the Coast, having just arrived in New York, and Miss Joyce had loads of things to tell Miss Nilsson, whom she hadn't seen for two years, so we were let in for the most enjoyable time we've had in a long while, and completely forgot that we were there to "interview."

However, we did recall our duty long enough to, in newspaper vernacular, grab off some interesting views Miss Joyce has about how much actual knowledge of life an actress should have in order to lend sincerity to a particular role. And here are some of her opinions.

"It is a good thing," said our hostess, "for an actress to know life. It is not, however, an absolute essential. If she possesses a well-developed imagination, it will help her to solve many a difficult stage situation. Of course, in order to delineate a character with any degree of fidelity, one must first become thoroughly acquainted with the character, must at least try to submerge one's own personality into that of the woman in the play.

"Then, when the actress has become well acquainted with the character, she should look to the situation. And here is where the actress who knows life—the woman who has experienced joy and sorrow—has a distinct advantage over the woman who is relying solely upon her imagination to give a sincere performance."

Miss Joyce was so in earnest about her subject that she had immediately gained two interested listeners.

"SUPPOSE," she continued, "that an actress had known the loss of a friend who had been very near to her—a sister, perhaps. If she were portraying a character who found herself in the same circumstances, the actress would know unfailingly how to get a realistic effect of this particular incident of sorrow. It wouldn't be very difficult for her to conjure up a vision of the identical occurrence in her own life. The picture of her suffering at the time of her own bereavement would more than likely be traced indelibly upon her mind; it would be an intangible part of her—something she couldn't forget if she would, and wouldn't forget if she could.

"Gracious, how I'm talking!" exclaimed Miss Joyce. "Well, I may as well when I get an audience who simply cannot walk out."

"We'll be with you while the dessert lasts, dear," assured the fair Miss Nilsson.

And our thought was, "Thank heaven, here's someone with brains and intelligence and charm. It's a treat to listen!"

"To go on with the sad story," remarked Miss Joyce, "it stands to reason that the actress who knows life would express the news of her sister's death in quite a different way than would the woman who is depending upon her imagination to conjure up some sort of scene. The woman who *knew* would probably show her suffering in her eyes—they would reveal speechless agony. There would be no hysterics in her portrayal—no heroics.

"On the other hand, the actress who *imagined* how a woman would act upon hearing of her sister's death, would probably think the occasion worthy of a great many tears and hand-wringings. However, she might imagine a much more subtle emotion in the character of the bereaved one and work it all out with a good deal of finesse. This, of course, would (*Continued on page 27*)

Did Jealousy, the between GISH

Reported rupture of popular *screen star* with that split arose out of *pro-*

By David

At Left:
Lillian Gish, Inspiration star, who is now in Italy.

Charles H. Duell, president of Inspiration Pictures, Inc., who crossed swords with Barthelmess.

Lillian Gish in a scene with her director, Henry King, from "The White Sister."

WHY did Barthelmess quit Inspiration?

Rumors of late have been flying thick and fast in moviedom. The world of silent drama has been all agog over the published reports of the Barthelmess break with Inspiration Pictures, Inc., which up until recently has been the sole sponsoring agent for the Barthelmess pictures almost since the popular young screen star left D. W. Griffith.

The news of the break between the two factions came suddenly. It was as amazing as it was abrupt. Out of a clear sky, apparently of peace and good will, came the word that "Dick" had broken away from Inspiration. All moviedom sat up and took notice.

Some recapitulation of the facts in the case is necessary before even a partial understanding of the matter is possible. It is a recollection of events that carries one back to the time when the young man in question emerged from his spectacular role of the juvenile hero in "Way Down East," and became a star in his own right—almost over-night.

From that time until now—the beginning and the end of the Barthelmess career with Inspiration Pictures, Inc.—is the period with which we are most concerned. It is this period that contained those circumstances, whatever they were, that caused the popular young screen star to sever his connection summarily with the company that had starred him in all his pictures.

When Barthelmess left Griffith a few short years ago, he signed up with Inspiration to star in his own pictures. It was under these auspices and arrangements that "Tol'able David" was made. Later, the Inspiration Company was re-organized and its star attractions were principally Barthelmess and Lillian Gish, who also had come over from the D. W. Griffith fold.

Whether the trouble in the Inspiration ranks dates to this event or not is unknown, but rumor has it that it did. It seems to have been another case of the human element entering into business, where in the case of temperamental actors, the factor of jealousy is anything but negligible.

Where a man and a woman equally popular are presented by the same company as joint entertainment attractions, it is not unusual for the sparks of rivalry to fly. And when one of the parties concerned feels that he or she is getting the short end of things in the way of publicity, bad temper results invariably. Whether or not this happened in the case of Barthelmess and Inspiration, no one can with certitude say, but the rumor is bruited about that one of the two, namely Barthelmess, became indignant at what was considered an unfair discrimination in advertising and publicity. In other words, Dick thought that Lillian was getting more than she was entitled to under the joint star plan—and to the detriment of his own interests.

DISSATISFACTION with existing condition of things has been noticeable, it is said, in Barthelmess for some time, but no flare-up occurred until that which directly preceded the report of the break and the abrupt departure of the young star for Bermuda. Lillian Gish, who is at present in Italy, was quite out of the controversy—at least in person. The break occurred between Barthelmess and Charles H. Duell, who is the president of Inspiration and the active head of the company.

During the time that Dick Barthelmess has been associated with Inspiration Pictures, Inc., he has made for this company nine pictures: "Tol'able David," "The Seventh Day," "Sonny," "The Bond Boy," "Fury," "The Bright Shawl," "The Fighting Blade," "Twenty-One" and "The Enchanted Cottage." It was in 'The Bright Shawl" that

Green-Eyed Monster, cause break and BARTHELMESS ?

president* of *Inspiration Pictures,* gives rise to belief *fessional jealousy—Dick* sails for *Bermuda

A. Balch

trouble arose between Charles H. Duell, the president of the company, and Mr. Barthelmess. It will be recalled that Dorothy Gish was featured in "The Bright Shawl," while Dick starred, and it was the feeling and contention of the latter that his drawing power was not considered sufficient by the company for his personality to stand alone.

The feeling in this regard became acute in young Barthelmess as time went on, his friends declare, until he resolved to come to a definite understanding with those who, as he inferred, were responsible for it. It placed him, as he thought, on a plane below that occupied by Lillian Gish, whereas, his friends say, the box office returns on his pictures were proof positive that his drawing power as a star surpassed her own. The rupture came recently, when Dick forced a show-down on the matter and came out unequivocally for his rights. And after speaking his mind in no uncertain manner, he sailed for Bermuda.

THE situation, however, as it stands, is not unlike that which Rudolph Valentino created when he left Famous Players' employ over two years ago. Rudy broke his contract at the time and a subsequent airing of the matter in court failed to find a way legally by which he could make his living in pictures while his contract with Famous Players remained legally binding.

The situation, hence, of Richard Barthelmess and Inspiration is in no particular wise different; the company holds an option on the screen services of Barthelmess, which they can enforce, if they see fit, during whatever time the contract has to run. Dick's hands are tied, therefore, in the opinion of some, just as Rudolph Valentino's were tied when he refused to work further for Famous Players.

But the legal battle that impends, it seems, will be begun by Barthelmess himself. The young star maintains that deferred payment on the part of the company on a certain matter that was due instantly, cancelled any contract that might exist between them. In any event and no matter how the coin falls, movie fans are promised a treat in this threatened litigation that will surpass even the famous controversy between Famous Players and Valentino.

The break between Barthelmess and Inspiration comes just at the completion of his latest starring vehicle, "The Enchanted Cottage," The popularity of Barthelmess is tremendous with the picture-going public. It has been said even to surpass that enjoyed by Valentino. The popular young screen star, who crashed into fame with "Tol'able" David," is a tremendous favorite with movie fans everywhere, and there are bound to be a lot of folks who will be rooting for him, whether he wins or loses.

Richard Barthelmess*, popular screen star, who has broken his contract with *Inspiration Pictures, Inc.

Professional jealousy is one of the toughest problems with which the producing heads of movie companies have to deal. When contracts are made, it is usually expressly stipulated in black and white that so-and-so's name must appear in front of somebody else's. Many of you may recall reading in New York newspapers a year ago of a certain young stage star who flew into a violent rage when he saw that his name was in slightly smaller type than the title of the play.

"Am I the star of this play or not?" he cried in a trembling fury.

But the fact that prominence of this character frequently has an economic advantage endows it with something more than its popular element of vanity and egotism. When a man, or a woman, is able to get $2,500 a week because of having been featured prominently in advertising copy, whereas formerly he or she had been getting only $1,000 a week, it can readily be seen that the matter of publicity is something to be considered.

According to friends of Barthelmess, the personal relations between himself and Miss Gish are of the most friendly sort. Whatever rivalry or dissatisfaction that has existed was due, it is held, to the unfair discrimination before cited, in which the personality of Barthelmess was subordinated in advertising to that of Miss Gish.

Richard Barthelmess* and *May McAvoy* in a scene from *"The Enchanted Cottage,"* his last picture for *Inspiration.

I see you're BACK from Hollywood

Agnes doesn't need to put on *Ayres.* This bow of ribbon covers a multitude of—perfections.

"The most beautiful back in movies," they say of *Corinne Griffith's.* And that is *some* distinction, considering the competition.

Carmel Myers wears this bit of fur to make sure she won't get the cold shoulder.

We need no further proof than this that *Ethel Shannon* is well armed. WITZEL

Patsy Ruth Miller looks over her shoulder to give us the "eye-sign."

The LOVE LETTERS of a MOVIE STAR

Have you wondered whether screen stars fall in love with those with whom they act in pictures? Then read this imprisoned outburst from a woman's heart. It's a poem of passionate tenderness

My darling Boy:

WHEN the messenger brought me your letter this morning with the lovely cluster of first jonquils, I thought that I should never know a more beautiful moment.

It was so like you! I could see you in my mind's eye in the florist shop turning from one selection to another and finally deciding upon the jonquils because I said to you that they mean Spring to me. The delicate yellow, the faint, evasive perfume, the tender green from which they spring, like bells of beauty . . . ah, you remembered that talk we had, didn't you?

First love is so beautiful. First love like ours, my darling.

Which brings me to a very serious matter. One I feel that I must take up with you at once, lest you should hear it from other, less truthful lips than mine. Other people, especially other women, are so jealous of happiness like ours. They will mar its perfect beauty if they can. They will come running to you with little, horrid tales, little, lying tales. I know, I feel, that you wouldn't believe them. You trust me. I can tell that by the way your eyes shine when you look at me. I can tell it by the warm clasp of your hand, by the note in your voice when you speak to me. Dear eyes . . . dear hands . . . dear voice . . . dear *You!*

But they will tell you things in the studio, I know. The other girls are so jealous of me. Every one of them envies me. They envy me my success, which they feel I am not entitled to because of my brief time on the screen, for one thing. They envy me you. All of them tried to attract you, to make you look at them, but you turned to me . . . lance-straight. You turned to me . . . and we knew . . . I would so much rather just write you the love that is in my heart than get down to explaining this matter I want to get straight between us. I would so much rather say endearing things, tell you my thoughts of you, speak of the flowers, the Spring, the long and lovely Summer that is stretching ahead of us and the Fall that will, if our plans do not go awry, usher in our marriage-month.

But I must be serious, in this letter at least. Tomorrow I shall write you only the little, joyful things. The Me-and-You things. The things we love because we love one another . . . Sweetheart, have any two people ever loved like this before? Or was the Spring made that we might meet and touch?

So many girls have said that before me . . . so many girls will say it after me . . . but no one who has said it in the Past and no one who will live to say it in the future, will mean it as I mean it . . . it is written with the blood from my heart . . .

There came a tap on the door. I was in my negligee, the one you said looked like a lotus flower half opened.

Now this is the serious matter . . .

YOU may hear, you probably will hear, that I have been in love with the director of my latest (and also my first) picture. It is, I know, common gossip around the studio and in movie circles generally. You will also hear, I suppose, that he was in love with me. Darling, that last is the true part of it. The only true part of it. For you must know, you must have felt, that love had never touched me until you touched me. Your eyes, your hands, your voice speaking to me, awakened the dear thing called love within me. The thing I had thought heretofore existed only in poems and novels and songs—and Spring.

The truth of the matter is that the director fell in love with me the first day I came to the studio. You know how young I am . . . you know how awed and impressed I was, and how fearfully anxious to get an opportunity before the camera. He was a very big man to me and his attention flattered me, impressed me, made me half afraid and also very ambitious. I *liked* him.

Oh, I admit that, I am being very frank. I wouldn't keep anything from you, dearest. I liked him tremendously. I dined with him frequently and he told me the things that are more than half responsible for such success as I am having now. I also admit that. I give him full credit. But when he made love to me . . . I think I must have known, my Beloved, that out in the world of men You were waiting . . . and I think that I must have said to my startled heart, "Wait! Wait a little longer . . . HE will come anon!" or something silly and sweet like that.

I RESPECTED this man, dearest, I respected him very much. I was flattered. I was even impressed. Once or twice I let him kiss me, because it gave him so very much pleasure, and I felt that I owed him *something* for all the interest he had taken in me, all the pains he took with my work and all the influence he used to get me where, ordinarily, it would have taken me years to get.

A kiss or two seemed to me small payment for all of this. But the kisses of love, my dear . . . ah, they are different matters. They have been kept for you. For you alone. No living man has had the kisses of my love, my sweet! You can be assured of that. Your kisses make me know so many things. They open doors to me, each door leading down a shining corridor of delight. Each kiss a touch of Paradise to me. They make me know, too, that I must love you until I die. And after I am dead I shall remember them. Perhaps from the spot where I lie pale jonquils will grow . . . and you will see them there, earlier than any others, and will know that I am remembering your kisses . . . they will be telling you so . . .

Love should bring gratitude with it, I think. And I am grateful to you for the gift you have given me. I should have gone all my life without the knowledge of love if it had not been for you!

That day we met . . . I had known a week before that I was to play opposite to you in this picture. I had seen you on the screen, too, and had admired you, as everyone does. As I look back on it all, I believe that my first keen interest in the screen came from my desire to see you. To think, beloved, that I was once your fan! How much more ardent a fan I am become now . . . you know what I mean!

Then, the day the production began, I was in my dressing room. There came a tap on the door. I was in my negligee, the (*Continued on page 27*)

STUDY the STARS by MEN

Mae Murray **has a type of attractiveness that is peculiarly all her own. Her blonde beauty, her grace, her vivacity, her sprightly ways, all contribute to the charm which has made her famous.**

Do you *envy* the *charms* of your favorite *screen star?* Would you vie with her in the cultivation of powers that would *fascinate* mankind? Then read this article on why the *screen stars* are so *popular* and *learn* to be likewise

By Louise Morgan

SPEAKING of stars makes us realize that there are more than one kind. There is the kind that sparkle and twinkle high up overhead, in that inverted bowl we call the sky. We have heard, too, that on lovely nights, it's quite the thing for the ambitious youth to take the lady of his heart out into the stilly darkness of the night to study the secrets, that the far away eyes of the world may have to tell. And when his lady's face is in rapture upward turned, drinking in the message that they flash and semaphore to all lovers, it is his cue to kiss the cherry mouth in wonder pursed.

But there is another kind of star, more material but no less wonderful nor scintillating. They are as far away from most of us as their twinkling sisters, but they flash a message, too, that we may read.

Their message is one of charm and beauty. Living in a play life of love and romance, the gossamer web of mystery and passion is wrapped around them. Loved by men—envied by women—they become the ideal of the young girl. Girls, who in their effort to make themselves more attractive, endeavor to imitate the stars.

What girl does not dream of her Prince Charming?

Where is the girl so asleep that she does not wait breathlessly for a great consuming love to come into her life?

But do these girls ever stop to think that they can help to make their dreams come true? Do they for one moment think that wishing alone is going to make them beautiful and charming? Where would Barbara La Marr, Gloria Swanson, or Nita Naldi be if they had just sighed and wished for the glory that is now theirs?

Perhaps you have heard before about Gloria's first days on the screen. Mack Sennett gave her a chance in the first of his Bathing Girl comedies, and there she stayed for quite awhile. She was not extra beautiful, her figure was short, her nose very scooped and her mouth and teeth were large and prominent. But she had something that made her noticed, and Cecil B. De Mille chose her for leading lady in his pictures. His trained designers and modistes were called in to make the little Cinderella bathing girl into a De Mille princess. We all know the transformation! Glorious Gloria! Her name is the symbol of all that is exotic and beautiful in woman. And what you may ask is "How was it done?" Well you cannot be blamed. It would be wonderful to have it happen to us, too. Who knows, with proper dressing you might rival the exquisite Gloria herself.

AND that brings us to the point in question. Do you want to be charming, fascinating, desired by men? Yes? Then study the stars! Surely they are the best qualified of anyone in the world to teach you how to dress and how to arrange your hair to make you more beautiful.

Pick your favorite beauty and see what you can do towards making yourself look like her. But here comes the catch. If you are tiny and petite like little May McAvoy, you are not going to choose the majestic Nita Naldi to emulate, are you?

Oh, me—oh, my! It's hard, isn't it, to know just how to figure this out? But we do know we want to be as beautiful and as fascinating as our favorite star. And yet, our favorite does not look anything like us. That is a cruel blow from Fate. But we will fool Fate there. We will choose the beauty that we most resemble in stature and features and see if we cannot go her one better.

Betty Blythe's **beauty is of the statuesque order that is becoming to a tall girl but would not be becoming to a short one.**

STARS if you would be LOVED

You little girls, the ones the fellows call cute and just an armful. Who are your favorites? You have quite a list from which to choose. There is May McAvoy, whom we mentioned before, and our dearest Mary Pickford and the jazzy, peppy Mae Murray and the whirlwind Viola Dana. There are many more, but perhaps these are enough to show us where we stand.

YOU Irish beauties, with the big gray eyes and smooth dark hair, pay attention to little Miss McAvoy and you cannot go wrong. Right here is a striking picture of her to look at and to study. She opens her big gray eyes wide in true ingenue fashion, and lets her hair fall softly about her face, making a cloudy frame for it like a Greuze painting. Her mouth is made into a real Cupid's bow. It is plain to see that one must be consistent. If we are going to have the baby eyes, our mouth—although it may say "No"—must look like a tiny folded rosebud. If you are clever and want to hard enough, you can learn to hold it that way, and never, never draw the corners down into a disfiguring sneer.

Do not overlook her dress nor her hair. Her curls fluffed high on top of her head to give her just a tiny bit more height and grace, and the rich dark curls allowed to fall where they will. Of course such a perfect ingenue can only wear a simple little frock. Think how queer Miss McAvoy would look in a long, clinging black velvet gown. Such a sight would be almost painful. Beauty marred is one of the most cruel sights. Instead she wears a pale taffeta frock, Not too short and not too long—demurely ruffled about her throat, around which is clasped a string of pearls. And May would win a beauty contest anywhere.

***Barbara La Marr* is another screen favorite of the "vamp" variety who never fails to attract the sterner sex.**

***Nita Naldi* is the "vamp" type of screen beauty whose appeal to men is ever potent.**

Perhaps your eyes just won't open real wide and innocently. A glint of mischief lurks within their almond shape that makes them narrow with laughter when you dance and sway to the saxaphone's screaming jazz. Pick Viola Dana then. If your hair is bobbed, your resemblance may be all the more striking, but if it is not, it will not matter so much; because she seems to be tying up her hair in fascinating bands and turbans. You will notice she, too, pulls it up high and fluffy on top to add a tiny inch to her 5 feet 2 inches. I am sure a curl or two on your forehead will give a touch of sauciness — you know— like the little girl in the nursery rhyme: "There was a little girl, who had a little curl, right in the middle of her forehead, etc." You know the rest of it.

Her dress is more sophisticated than May's. Her eyes allow her that and the little quirk at the corner of her mouth. It must not be too grown up, you know. Little girls must continue to be cute and grown up clothes would make them look awkward and gawky.

Now for the blondes—the jazz babies—no need to tell you to look at Mae Murray's picture. A golden, fluffy halo framing a face piquant and saucy. Miss Murray is so fascinating and individual, I hesitate to describe her. However, her charms are so obvious, you who have chosen her need no help from me. Do not forget the rosy pout and the dreamy, half-closed eyes.

NOW the other little blondes, you could do no better, no matter how far you looked, than to choose Mary Pickford for your ideal. When Mary is playing grown-up lady, her curls are discreetly piled on top of her head. Her eyes are always kind and sympathetic, and her sweet smile is free and for everyone.

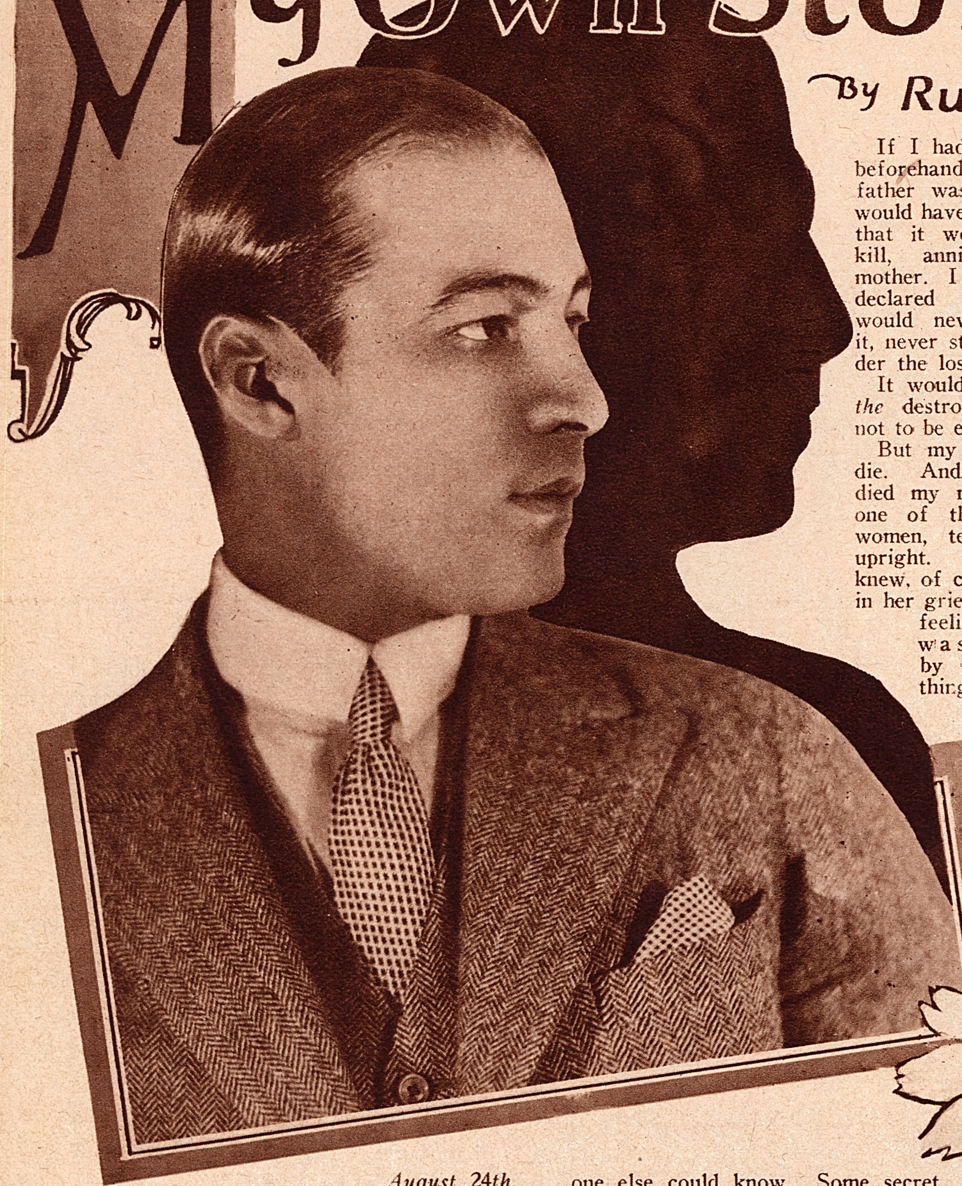
Modest, stylish frocks in becoming shades are what she always wears. Blue, I am sure, in all its shades, is her favorite color. Light blue when the sun is strong, and as the day grows darker, so, too, darken the shade of blue to match your eyes. Wild wood violets, forget-me-nots and daffodils should be your flowers. Spring, sweetness and sympathy should characterize your every thought and gesture if you would live and look like Mary.

There are so many types and so many types within a type, it would be almost impossible to take them all up here. (*Continued on page 29*)

My Own Story of my

By Rudolph VALENTINO

Rudy and Natacha say good-
their faces toward Rudy's
screen star is given a tremen-
appears



August 24th.

I HAVE another Genoan night in which to write in my diary. I had expected to go on, but Natacha is feeling rather badly. I begin to fear that she will not be able to "make the grade" with us all of the way.

Auntie and I laugh at her and tell her she should have OUR strength and nerve, but when it comes to the aforementioned dirt, dust and dishevelment, PLUS my driving, which I am sure Natacha would describe as "reprehensible," it is a bit too much for Natacha's sense of humor.

I suppose each one of us has the special thing we cannot stand. The proverbial straw that breaks the traditional camel's back. This sort of a trip is that straw to Natacha. Not that I think it would be if she had started out on the journey feeling fit, but the last year or two have been trying and difficult ones for her. And because she has met them with high courage, the calm, the earnest belief in the eventual rightness of our cause, it has told upon her endurance.

I have often noted about women that they can stand up under the most tremendous strains, the most devastating calamities, and will break under some slight thing—such as motoring on one wheel, for instance!

My own mother, one of the bravest women I ever knew, was an illustration of this observation.

I remember today with a sharply-etched distinctness the time of my father's death.

There was something very close and beautiful, very dear and intimate between my mother and my father. I think it was one of the true loves of the world, one of the dearest married loves it has ever been my privilege to see. In fact, if I have any idealism concerning marriage and the one, the great, the lasting love (and I have), I owe it to that early example of the existence of such a thing.

If I had been told, beforehand, that my father was to die, I would have prophesied that it would break, kill, annihilate my mother. I would have declared that she would never survive it, never stand up under the loss.

It would have been *the* destroying grief, not to be endured.

But my father did die. And when he died my mother was one of the Spartan women, tearless and upright. Grief she knew, of course. But in her grief I had the feeling that she was sustained by some inner thing that no one else could know. Some secret and beautiful knowledge of a bond between my father and herself that even death had no power to sever. They were still *together*—and she knew it.

There are some few marriages like that. Two individualities come together, maintain their separate individualities if they have the proper spirit, but their life-streams merge, become one, and are never divisible again, even when death seems to strike them asunder.

It was, I believe, this lovely and tender and mystical spirit that gave my mother the proud and beautiful strength she had when my father's earthly presence passed away from her. *She knew what she knew.*

Woman's holy courage was first revealed to me in my mother. I saw it first at my father's deathbed, even as I saw his part in it when he called my brother Alberto and myself to his bedside, turned his face, already pale and fixed in the final lineaments of death, held out the crucifix and said to us, "My boys, love your mother and, above all—love your country."

I saw it later on, at the impressive Italian funeral, with the dark trappings of the funeral coach drawn by the six black horses, the coachman in his Charon-like uniform of silver and black, the four nearest of my father's friends walking beside the hearse, holding in their hands the solemn tassels of black that depended from it. The tall cathedral candles . . . the flowers massed in symbolic designs . . . my sister sobbing softly by my side . . . my brother pale and with compressed lips . . . I, myself, sobbing, too, though trying to restrain myself . . . and, seeming to be the centre of it all . . . the pale, frail, silent and indomitable figure of my mother, bearing her grief as an acolyte bears the trappings of some sacramental task.

Later on, after the funeral had become a solemn part of a distant past, I can remember her kneeling before the altar candles in the cathedral, not so much praying as holding commune with him who had but preceded her. Still loving him. Still feeling that sense of togetherness.

"Woman's holy courage," says *Valentino* in this personal narrative of his recent trip abroad, "was first revealed to me in my mother."

LOVE can never be a light thing with me with such memories. My boyish heart was thus early impressed, sealed, by the enduringness of love. I shall never forget it. Never come from under that first profound seriousness and beauty of the right love of the one man for the one woman and vice versa.

I often think that such endurance as came to me in my later trials, my days of starvation and privation in New York, may have come to me direct from that brave and gallant little figure of my mother. For she had learned a stern lesson in the class-room of courage and fortitude. Even her early life was a preparation, for she had gone through the terrors and privations of the siege of Paris. She was the daughter of Pierre Filibert Barbin, who was an erudite Parisian doctor and had fallen in love with Giovanni Guglielmi, then a dashing figure of Italian cavalry. A captain, in fact. She married him in the flood tide of romance, and he took her to his home town, the little village of Castellaneta, to live. But I shall come to that later on. There, on the very scene of my birth and boyhood, little memories shall come crowding that now I can glimpse in retrospect.

After all, wherever else we may go, however many other places are sweet or bitter or adventurous with associations, the place of one's birth is ever the shrine to which one turns one's feet. One goes back . . . and one can go no further back than the place where one first saw the sun . . . awakened to the world of sound and sentiment through the hearing of a mother's voice gentle in lullaby . . . I am going back . . .

All of this digression began through my anxiety for Natacha. I fear that she is not as strong as she might be and that perhaps this trip *is* going to be too much for her. At first I had hoped (tried to believe), that her nervousness was a purely feminine thing, a whim of dust and discomfort, but I feel now that I should have known Natacha better than to suppose she would indulge herself in anything only of the imagination. I shall watch her more carefully from this time forth.

Does one ever know women?

One learns the ways of their hearts and finds that after all one has learned only a part. I think I shall profess ignorance, which will doubtless be the beginning of my real knowledge. Ignorance so often is, *when* we acknowledge it . . .

BUT to go back and take up my story where I left it last night, at that first Italian luncheon table. I was about to recount an amusing incident that happened to us there:

You see, I had been away ten years. I didn't know whether the cigarettes were as good as they had used to be. And they had used to be, I thought, very good indeed. Since I landed at

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Trip Abroad

bye to the Hudnuts and turn home town in Italy—The dous ovation wherever he in public

Cherbourg. I have learned how many American things are superior to European ones; the chorus girls, the women *in toto*, the theatre, the food, etcetera. I had conceived the notion of disappointment. I have come to be prepared for disappointment. And this philosophy of disappointment included cigarettes, which are so much a part of the smaller pleasures of my daily life.

WELL, we had brought with us some cigarettes. As I crossed the frontier, I of course, declared them—and the duty is something frightful. I paid 600 lire for 600 cigarettes—a lire apiece. At the rate of 24 lire for one dollar this would figure out about five cents apiece.

Of course the Macedonian tobacco sold in Italy is marvelous. The best tobacco in France is Egyptian, Maryland or Virginian. The Maryland brand is terrifically strong. For people not used to it, it all but chokes you. Very strong. But Italy has this marvelous Turkish tobacco. It is a Government monopoly, and, like all monopolies—American jewels and gowns, for instance—is taxed.

Well, at luncheon I ordered some Italian cigarettes just for the curiosity of the thing, and when I started smoking them, I found them even better than before. Oh, much better! Really *very* much better than my favorite cigarette I had so precariously and so expensively procured for my consumption. Natacha had a marvelous time kidding me about my bringing them into the country!

Another funny incident occurred as we crossed the frontier. As we crossed, the first thing I had to do was to have my passport looked over by a carabiniere, then by the Custom House Guard, who in Italy belongs to a unit of the Regular Militia. When the carabiniere had looked at my papers, he asked me in Italian how long it was since I had been in Italy. I told him ten years. "You married an American," he said, with a very knowing look, as if quite accustomed and slightly amused at this order of things, "you made your fortune and so you have come home now!"

"No," I said, getting "on" to him, "not quite what you think, my friend. I work for my money."

He looked kindly, but scarcely convinced. Wasn't Natacha sitting by me, beautifully dressed, an American! Hadn't I been away for ten years? Wasn't I returning in a partially triumphal and luxurious manner? What more did he need to know? Hadn't he seen "this sort of thing" before?

My name meant nothing to him. Less than nothing. A rural carabiniere.

He wouldn't have seen my pictures. Hardly any of the pictures in which I have appeared have been shown in Itlay. I knew that much before I arrived here, but so great and widespread is picture publicity in America, yes, and in London, too, that while I knew the facts of the case, it seemed hard to believe that no word of it all had reached reached parts of Italy. I knew from letters that my sister had not even seen "The Four Horsemen," and I am determined that when I reach Milan I shall arrange to have it shown for her. Even *she* must have a very sketchy idea of what I have done and what it means . . . to me, at any rate. Letters are imperfect transcriptions of this particular kind of achievement. It is one of the things that must be seen to be believed in.

Rudy and *Natacha*, with the latter's aunt, on the lawn before *Juan Les Pins*, the chateau of the *Hudnuts* in *France*.

Rudy takes *Natacha's* picture with the *Pekes*, just before their departure for *Italy*.

HOWEVER, the lack of recognition doesn't trouble me much. On the contrary, it pleases me immensely that no one knows me. For, after all, I am come home for a rest and not for personal appearances. In this guise of strangeness I can the better observe without being observed myself.

Well, it was six o'clock when we got through with the authorities. Growing late. It was later still when luncheon was over and we were ready to take to the open road once more.

We were fairly near Genoa; had only 250 kilometres still to go. But the 250 kilometres were over a tortuous road following the coast. Gorgeous road in the matter of scenery, but terrible to drive through.

It is nearing September—Summer is dying in a prolonged ecstasy of glory. And the Italian scenery seemed almost conscious of this splendid death, so magnificently did it unfold before us.

The road seemed to be the only factor of the landscape unaware of the glory of the season. Dirt! Dirt! Dirt! We thought we had come through dust and dirt before, but now that we are in Italy, we realize that we were but amateurs before.

About a foot of dirt came up from the road as we went through. Stones, too! The Italian government, you see, has no money to keep the roads in good condition since the war. People on the side of the roads crack the stones. Then they throw these cracked (*Continued on page* 28)

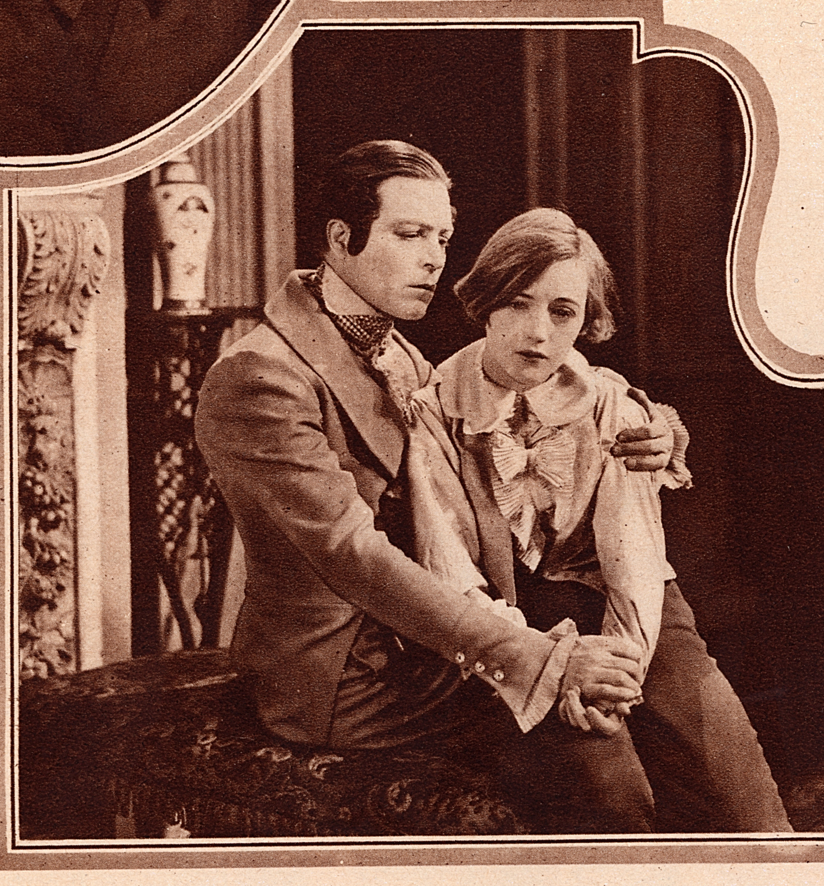
"Tuning In" on your Favorite Movie

At Left:

***N. J. Mintz,* who has perfected the *Mintz* score sheet for use in movie theatres.**

Below:

A suitable music theme for this scene from *"Little Old New York,"* with *Marion Davies* and *Harrison Ford* might be *"I'm Sorry I Made You Cry."* Imagine the result if the orchestra played, *"Oh, How I Laugh When I Think How I Cried About You."*



Meet *N. J. Mintz,* who has perfected a new kind of *musical score* to accompany the presentation of *photoplays*—Hear how he solved the orchestra leader's problems

By Alma Talley

DID you ever notice, when you go to see a picture, what a difference just a little music makes? How much harder the heroine sobs—at least so it seems to the audience—when the violin plays "Humoresque?" Did you ever stop to think how it's all arranged that the orchestra should play just the right tunes at the right moment?

It seems very simple, doesn't it? Probably you think—if you've thought of it at all—that the orchestra just looks at the picture before the show begins and then picks out music to match. But there's more of a trick to it than that.

For one thing, the picture to be shown usually arrives about a half hour or so before the showing, and there isn't time to figure out the music. So the only solution to the problem is to tell the orchestra what to play—and even that is much more complicated than it sounds.

I learned all about it—that is, as much as one can learn in an hour with one's ears wide open—from N. J. Mintz, who has patented a method of orchestration and has recently signed up with practically all the picture companies in the business.

"It would seem very simple," he explained, "for the orchestras to be given a list of pieces to play with the pictures, and play them. But it isn't. I suppose you're familiar with the type of cue sheet formerly sent out for each picture," and he showed me a typical cue sheet.

A cue sheet—before Mr. Mintz's improvement—was a printed list, sent out with the picture's press book, giving the names of pieces of music to be played during the showing of the picture. For instance, the cue sheet would tell you that when the title "And so the dawn came" is flashed on, the appropriate music should be "At Dawning." It sounds very simple, of course, doesn't it? But there's a catch in it.

"The trouble is," Mr. Mintz pointed out, "what is the orchestra to do when they are given a certain piece to play—and they haven't got it? Take this cue sheet. It says here at this point—'Good-bye' by Jones. Now, when the orchestra leader picks this up, 'Good-bye, by Jones,' he'll say. 'Well, now, let's see, I haven't got Jones' Good-bye—but I've got Tosti's 'Good-bye.' And so he takes that down from his rack."

"Sounds all right," I said.

"IT DOES sound so," Mr. Mintz agreed. "But here's an instance of how that sort of thing works out. One night I was watching a picture when an episode occurred wherein a husband tells his wife good-bye. 'How long will you be gone?' she asked him, according to a sub-title. 'Two weeks,' was his answer. And, in the meanwhile the orchestra was playing Tosti's 'Good-bye.' Do you know the words to that? 'Good-bye, forever, good-bye, forever.' Everybody knows those words—and you can see how inappropriate it was for the scene in question."

"Or," I pointed out, carried away by his enthusiasm, "how awful it would be, for instance, in a death-bed scene where a good-bye was to be played, to have the orchestra select 'Good-bye, Girls, I'm Through,' or some such touching piece as that!"

"That's the idea exactly," said Mr. Mintz, "and it's quite obvious that most orchestras are going to have to make a great many substitutions. The orchestra with a twenty-thousand-dollar library is fairly safe. Most of the pieces called for on the cue sheets will be in their library. But how about the small theatre which has, say, three or four hundred dollars worth of music? The chances are they won't have more than one or two of the pieces called for in each cue sheet. And there's where my idea comes in, the Mintz patented cue sheet."

I sat forward breathlessly.

"Now, you see," he said, opening a big book full of Mintz patented cue sheets, "each company, upon finishing a picture, sends me a list of the musical pieces they want played with it. It's to the company's advantage to have the proper music to accompany their films, because the music can sometimes ruin a picture or put it across. So they have a musician to preview the film upon its completion, and write down his suggestions for accompaniment. These are sent to me.

"As you see here, I then print the first phrase (the music itself) of each piece as given on the list, with its title and its cue—the point in the picture at which it is to be played. Now, then! The orchestra leader picks up this score sheet. We start off (at screening) with, for instance, 'Stars and Stripes Forever,' to accompany the action of soldiers marching. My cue sheet prints the first phrase of that piece. 'I haven't that,' the orchestra leader might say to himself, then, humming it, 'but that sounds a lot like So-and-so.' You see—he gets the mood that is wanted and the tempo, and he can approximate the piece out of his own library.

"It also works another way. Take your theatre organist or pianist, or perhaps a small orchestra. They may not have the piece, but as soon as they play the first phrase it (*Continued on page* 27)

WHY I'm Glad I'm a "LADIES MAN!"

By Adolphe MENJOU

Well - known *screen heavy* tells why he prefers role of sophisticated *flaneaur* to that of *Honest Jack*, the *hero*

FIRST of all please don't misunderstand me.

By a lady's man I don't mean one of those namby-pamby lounge lizards that men can't abide but a chap who has enough personality to get by with the ladies.

And I think women demand more in a man than most men do.

As a rule, if a chap is a good drinking companion, can play poker and be what is generally termed a good all-round sport, men will like him. And I must admit the three are no mean accomplishments.

But women delve deeper than these surface qualities in determining whether they like or don't like a man.

Of course we must remember we are dealing with the word like and not love. There is a difference between the two—a vast one. Very often a woman will love a man she would never like, and the argument holds good the other way as well. Infatuation is a tricky thing and often warps a woman's judgment—but when she considers a man in the cool, impartial light of friendship, his qualities must measure pretty high to come up to her yard stick.

First of all the gentlewoman will not stand for a boor. Unless a man has the niceties of deportment present-day society demands, he will find that his name is not on the visiting list of the discriminating hostess. The caveman stuff is all right for jokesters and cartoonists, but it doesn't go in present-day society.

He must have something better to talk about than his office. An inteligent woman wearies of "shop," and to hold her interest a man must see to it that his conversation is stimulating and interesting.

He must keep up with the modern trend in literature. The sporting page and an occasional glance through a magazine are not enough to offer as topics for discussion, and he will find that women as a rule are remarkably well read and keen conversationalists.

Women like a sense of humor and demand a more subtle one than men do. Also, I might say in passing, that unless a man has a sense of humor, he will often be up against it in dealing with men.

No matter how old a man is, if he has managed to retain that elusive quality of youthful thinking, he will always be a success with women. Most of them adore the little boy quality in men—the power to make believe, and an adventuring spirit, for although she may be young enough to be his daughter, it gives her a maternal feeling for the man and most women are at their best when they are maternal.

And in fostering this quality in himself a man will be doing himself a world of good, for there is no tonic quite so good as taking a dose of vigorous, youthful thoughts. Thinking young makes one act young and feel young.

It is partly because of these reasons I have named that I feel quite flattered if a woman likes me. It makes me know that my conversation is interesting to her, that she thinks I am rather droll and that she enjoys herself when she is in my company.

"No matter how old a man is," said *Mr. Menjou*, "if he has managed to retain that elusive quality of youthful thinking, he will always be a success with women."

WHEREAS, if a man asks me to go golfing with him, it might be merely for the reason that I play a fairly good game.

In "Broadway After Dark," my latest Warner picture, I am called upon to portray the sort of a man women like, and I am immensely gratified that the character is well drawn. As a rule the screen depicts a lady's man as either a villain or a fool. There is no greater fallacy than this, for in real life you will find that women are very quick to spot the villain, and there are more men than women who fall for his schemes.

Also, although a woman may find it convenient to have a fool around, she never respects him and where there is no respect there certainly is no liking.

There's a certain business man I know who always introduces his associates to his wife and takes her advice about them. So far she has not made a single mistake, although the husband has regretted the few occasions he did not take her advice.

A man may well be flattered if he is the sort that women like. And if he is, you may be sure that men like him, too.

BELOW:
Here, flanked by *Carmel Myers* and *Anna Q. Nilsson* *Adolphe Menjou* gives an imitation of just—himself.

The Love Affairs of a Movie Actor

Why is it that some men and women are as magnets to the opposite sex? What is there so irresistible about them? Such a person was Hal Kent, the picture star, who flitted about from adventure to adventure, from one love to another with gay abandon. Women spoiled him—they also disillusioned him. But read his story, as told by HIMSELF.

EVER since I left college and met Laura Carlsen, women have played a fateful part in my life. Our love was noble, but both of us were poor. And then, too, Yvonne Weldon came into my life just then.

Yvonne was an actress in a stock company, and she persuaded me to go to Pittsburgh with her. It was there that I got my first taste for the theatre, as well as my first disillusionment about women. One morning, when I was caught in Yvonne's rooms, to save the situation I pretended to be a burglar and allowed myself to go to jail. To my horror, Yvonne made no attempt to release me.

However, I managed to escape, and my next adventure got me into the movies, and I met Kay Inness. Kay wanted to get in and she used me to help her. Professing great love for me, she persuaded me to give her a letter written by the leading lady, Lottie Spence, to the producer's son. I had come upon the note by accident, and we both knew that if the producer saw it, it would mean Lottie's dismissal.

Kay took the note and her plan succeeded. She was given Lottie's job; her first act then was to have me fired. Disheartened, I went from company to company in vain. Finally, I met Vivian Race, a scenario writer, who, because she loved me, got me a job with Dick Carlisle. It was only later I learned that she was Carlisle's wife, who had left him, and who returned to him on condition that he would give me a chance.

The chance put me well on the road to success, for with that picture I became famous. I was sought after by various companies. I finally had to seek a rest, so I went to Paris incognito.

I determined to have nothing more to do with women, but, alas for our resolutions! One night in a cafe, Olga, a black-eyed singer, pleaded with me to save her from Jacques, an Apache, who was pursuing her.

IT OFTEN comes back to me, that strange night when this Russian girl, whom I had met only a few hours previously, stayed in my rooms. Her faith in my good intentions was so obvious that I did not for a moment dream of growing familiar with her, for all her attractions.

She said good night to me simply, thanked me, and went into her own room. I waited. The key was not even turned in the lock, and I heard her undressing there in the silence. I shook my head over the strangeness of this thing we call life.

There was no sign of Jacques, though I had no doubt he had followed us to the very door of the hotel, and perhaps was waiting outside to execute his threat with a knife-thrust, for myself now, as well as Olga.

I turned in at last, and before I slept I tried to think of some way in which I could help this lonely girl. I could give her money, of course, and with that she could send for her mother and go away to some other city, where she would be free from the attentions of this Jacques. Certainly I admired her struggle and her determination to guard herself and remain virtuous, and I meant to help her.

"Oh, I wish you'd come and dance," she said. "You don't know how miserable I am. Why are you being so horrid to me?"

And then the morning came, and with it came a strange occurrence.

It was nine o'clock and I had just dressed. There was no sound from Olga's room, and I concluded that she was sleeping, exhausted, no doubt, by all that she had been through. Suddenly there was a knock at my door. I opened it. A white-haired woman, with Slavic, once-beautiful eyes, faced me.

"My daughter!" she faltered in French. "My daughter! She is here! Do not lie to me! My poor child—you have ruined her!"

I stared aghast. At the same instant Olga's door opened, and she came out, her beautiful body attired only scantily. Her face seemed blanched and her eyes were turned to stone. She had heard her mother's voice.

For a little instant there was silence, and then the older woman explained in a quiet but tremulous voice.

"Friends helped me. I came to surprise you. I went to your address and could not find you. There was a man there who told me terrible things. When I said he lied, he brought me here. And now, I find it is true!"

BY MY unwitting act, and with the best of intentions, I saw what I had done. Olga's face was revealing enough for that. And then I knew that there was one thing I still could do. Fate had ravelled me in this skein, and I would cheat it by doing the only decent thing that I could do.

"You do not understand," I said quietly to the older woman. "Mademoiselle has consented to be my wife. We are to be married this morning."

There was a sob from Olga as she clung to my arm, and I saw her mother advance with a cry of relief, and I was glad that I had spoken. And afterwards I was alone with the girl. Then I told her that I would marry her, as I said, but that she could have her freedom if she wished, and I would not bother her.

"Then—then you do not want me to be near you?" she asked dismally. "You don't like me at all?"

I looked at her and smiled. "But you don't know me," I said. "You don't love me——"

She flung her arms around my neck and pressed her lips to mine. "I love you!" she cried. "Is love so strange a thing that it may not blossom in a day, an hour, even a moment? You are so good, so brave!"

I remembered the things I had done all my life which had seemed to me very far from good and brave, and I made a grimace. But a new tenderness for this girl rose in my heart, and I promised myself I would try to make her happy. I told her who I was, and at my name she started.

"But you're famous!" she cried. "You are a famous artist, and I am nothing!"

We were married in the afternoon in the American consulate, and I planned an immediate honeymoon in Switzerland, away from the scenes which had made Olga so desperate. When everything was done, we found that we had still an hour or more before the train started. Then the girl asked me if I would mind waiting while she went to her room. There were some things there, nothing of value, only a few keepsakes, but she wanted them for old times' sake.

"Yes," I said, "but you'd better let me go with you. Jacques is there, remember."

A new confidence seemed to have risen in her now that she was my wife. "Pouf!" she said expressively. "Do you think I am afraid of him—now? Besides, he will not be there at this time of the day. He is already skulking around in the cafes."

I let her go somewhat reluctantly, and watched the passage of a slow hour, trying to think over what I had done, trying to see in the future and

gauge its probable effects. I knew that I was on unstable ground, that Olga and I had stormy water to cross, but I told myself there had been no other way out. At least I had stepped in at a time when she needed me most. And now she was my wife.

But at her long absence I began to worry. I remembered her address, and suddenly decided to go and seek her there. Perhaps Jacques had returned. And, in spite of her confidence, it was clear to me that he was a man who would stop at nothing. I hurried to reach the house. Of Olga's mother, I had seen nothing since the morning. Olga had told me she had taken her to a quiet *pension* and arranged for her comfort until we returned from Switzerland, and I accepted the story without hesitation.

BUT now, as I moved along, something, I do not know what, inflamed a vague sense of suspicion. There had been many things that were still not quite clear to me. Some of the things that Olga had told me did not seem to hang together very well. There was certainly something I still did not understand!

At last I halted before a dingy-looking house in a shabby street. An ugly old woman, who did duty apparently as *concierge*, let me in, and told me, in a hoarse patois, which I could just barely understand, to go up to the top floor. The house was silent and carried a sense of something evil and sinister. It dawned upon me that perhaps at that very moment Olga was in the hands of Jacques. To my excited imagination a hundred things seemed possible. What a fool I had been to take her at her word and let her come alone!

I bounded on up the stairs. A single door confronted me at the last flight. In my haste I actually pushed it open. Then I stepped back with a sound of astonishment.

Three persons were sitting there. The old woman whom I had believed to be Olga's mother was smoking a cigarette with a heavy tumbler full of wine in her hand. A grin that was spread across her features was frozen at the sight of me.

Opposite her sat the swarthy Jacques, and on his very lap, with her soft arms about his neck, sat the girl whom I had married and who professed to be in terror of her life because of this same Jacques!

FOR a little space, I think, there was silence. I stared at the three figures in that dingy room and they met my gaze with an air of equal astonishment.

My mind whirled, and the realization of how neatly I had been fooled was sickening to consider. Somehow I got myself in hand, and even mustered a smile.

"I think we'll have to postpone that trip to Switzerland, Olga!" I said.

She nodded coolly. "I hadn't expected you to find out so soon," she answered. "However, it's just as well. You might as well know now as later on."

"Better," I returned shortly. "It saves a good deal of bother. I'm leaving for England at once, and am sailing back to the States."

The man ripped out a sudden oath, lifted Olga to one side, and stood up, facing me with threatening eyes. It was clear that he was no coward, at any rate.

"You fool!" said Olga swiftly, motioning him back. "Do you think this is the time for a knife or a brawl? We've got him—he can't get away! I have a better weapon than your knives; I've got that marriage license!"

"Damn your license!" I said. "I'll bring evidence to prove I was tricked into it, that this is a dirty blackmail plot."

Olga shook her head. Her calm was imperturbable, and I remembered with an inward groan that I had been stupid enough to believe her hysterical and easily frightened. Now she had undergone a metamorphosis. She was unlike the girl I had first fancied I was protecting. Even her voice had changed, and tones of hardness had crept into it.

"Do you want the chance?" she asked. "Would you like the chance of trying to prove that in your American courts? What a charming little story that would make—for your journalists!"

I saw she realized fully the power she had. Already the public taste was showing itself averse to those players whose lives were marred by scandal and disgrace, and the story, twisted by a hundred newspapers, would hurt me immensely. It might even ruin me. I was completely trapped, and there was nothing left to do but face the issue.

"How much do you want?" I asked.

She named a sum that almost brought a whistle to my lips. I hesitated. Then, in my anxiety to get the thing done with, I nodded.

"Very well. I'll pay what you ask. But first you'll tear up that license. Right now; in front of me."

I thought she would hesitate, but apparently she had complete faith in my word. She produced that little oblong of paper that meant so much, and tore it into a dozen strips as I watched. The man and the older woman had fastened their eyes on me, almost as if they expected me to waive my part of the bargain. A tense silence hung in the room. The man's breathing was audible.

Without a word I pulled out my check book and scrawled off the sum named. It robbed my largest bank account of practically every penny. I was certainly paying dearly for my chivalrous, sentimental impulse!

As I handed it to Olga, the old woman spoke. She, too, had undergone a change since I had seen her in the morning. Her voice was shrill, now. "How do you know he won't cancel his check with a cablegram?" she demanded of Olga.

The Russian girl turned eyes full of a contemptuous mirth upon her ex-mother.

"You may leave that safely to me," she said.

Then she returned to regard me with a maddening look of amusement.

"Thanks, M'sieu Hal Kent! And *au 'voir!*"

I ground out a curse in spite of my attempt to be calm, and turning on my heel, went out into the corridor, banging the door behind me. An uneasy foreboding rose dimly in my mind, but I had gone through enough to banish thoughts of further disaster angrily and instantly. I told myself the episode was closed forever, and that I was lucky that with the fame and money I had secured, I had not been imposed upon long before.

But the indisputable fact that gave me qualms was that no matter if the actual license itself had been torn to bits, I was legally married to this adventuress, and at the mercy of her whims. The one thing for me to do now was to disappear. I would get out of the country as quickly as possible and return to the making of pictures.

Bitterly I regretted my profession now. In almost any other calling I could escape or divert publicity, but for me, as for all other actors, publicity must be the very breath of life. Try as I would, it was impossible for me to put the Paris fiasco out of my head, and I saw the darkly handsome face of Olga Vassilev, with its mocking lips and brilliant eyes, wherever I moved.

THREE days later I had engaged passage on the *Touranian*, and was out on deep water. But I kept apart from the other passengers, futilely cursing the luck that had upset everything for me. I did not guess then how it was to loom still larger, and seem to destroy the hope which I desired most.

Most of the passengers on that voyage have probably related by this time to their various friends that I am a very disagreeable fellow. The fact is that for the first (*Continued on page 25*)

It was dark and we were alone. I put my arms around her and kissed her on the lips.

Doug Fairbanks ex-

Screen favorite is seen to supreme advantage in new picture—*"A Society Scandal,"* with Gloria Swanson, *"Lilies of the Field"* and *"The Fighting Coward"* are among other features of the week

Doug Fairbanks in and as "The Thief of Bagdad," has created something picture-wise, that will live.

Reviewed by Carolyn Carter

"THE THIEF OF BAGDAD"

An Arabian Nights Fantasy

Presented at the Liberty Theatre, New York, with a cast including Douglas Fairbanks, Julanne Johnston, Anna May Wong, So-Jin, Noble Johnson, M. Comont. Directed by Raoul Walsh. Presented by F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest.

Unquestionably, the greatest event of the cinema season took place at the Liberty Theatre, when "The Thief of Bagdad," the annual product from the Fairbanks studio in Hollywood, had its New York premiere.

The production was shown in a setting by Morris Gest, he who stands sponsor for the *Chauve Souris*, the Moscow Art Players and other famous foreign art productions. Mr. Gest brought Bagdad, with all the lure of the Orient, to New York.

Douglas Fairbanks' latest effort need fear no competitor! It is a thing apart from the usual super-special and will remain green in the memories of its audiences long after the covered wagon trail has been forgotten and the commandments have become a confused recollection of "dont's."

From the opening scene to the final curtain, the picture contains hundreds of beautiful shots, one more dazzling than the other. There were one or two sequences which were absolutely breathtaking by their ingeniousness. For instance, when the Magic Carpet on which rode Ahmed and the Princess, rose in the air and swiftly floated above Bagdad, wending its way amid the spires of the enchanting city, the audience shouted its appreciation of the trick photography.

Mr. Fairbanks set himself such a high standard in "Robinhood" that it would be difficult for him to surpass it, yet this new picture is a veritable triumph.

It is, of course, an Arabian Nights fantasy, and has a moral thrown in besides—i. e., "If one would capture happiness, one must earn it." Happiness to the Thief means the winning of the beautiful Princess, and he literally goes through fire and water to gain her affection.

Doug's performance leaves nothing to be desired, and Julanne Johnston, as the Princess, is all that one imagines a Princess to be—slim and lovely and enchanting. If Miss Johnston is to be considered the season's "find," little Anna May Wong, the Chinese girl, is surely the season's "exposé"—she wears nothing and very little of that, and is very, very easy to look at.

Do not miss "The Thief of Bagdad."

Gloria Swanson seems to be having a rough time of it in "A Society Scandal," with Rod La Rocque.

"LILIES OF THE FIELD"

A Sketch of New York's High Life

Presented at the Strand Theatre, New York, with a cast including Corinne Griffith, Conway Tearle, Myrtle Stedman and Craufurd Kent. Directed by John Francis Dillon; presented by Associated First National.

Ever since viewing this picture with the title culled from the Biblical quotation, we've wondered and worried about the censors. One can never tell just how those keepers of the public's morals, whose privilege it is to say "when," are going to behave.

For instance, here's a picture in which Miss Corine Griffith appears in a filmy negligee with the glow of the fire-light just behind her, and it would appear that those lofty men of genius—again we refer to the censors—closed an eye on the proceeding. There is another sequence in which Miss Griffith fixes her hair so as to hide one ear and expose the other. The scene was left *in* the picture.

"Lilies of the Field" is sure to be what is known as a "box office attraction," even though it will disappoint those who demand more than exotic sets and erotic gowns for their screen entertainment. It does, however, boast the beauty and talent of Miss Griffith, for in this gaudy portrayal of New York's fast set, her performance stands out as pure gold amid so much dross. Her sincere characterization of a misjudged woman, by its subtlety and charm, succeeds in touching your heart despite some rather maudlin scenes in which she is forced to participate.

The "lilies" are evidently a branch of the Gold Diggers' Society. "They toil not, neither do they spin," neither do they do without Park Avenue apartments or sables, and the theme of the story is a portrayal of their hectic doings.

Myrtle Stedman is the other player worthy of special mention. We've wondered for a long time why some enterprising producer doesn't feature her.

It wasn't Conway Tearle's fault that we don't include him as "worthy of special mention." The blame lies with his role.

cels in "The THIEF of BAGDAD"

"A SOCIETY SCANDAL"
The Troubles of the "Four Hundred"

Presented at the Rialto Theatre, New York, with a cast including Gloria Swanson, Rod La Rocque, Alan Simpson, Ricardo Cortez and others. Directed by Allan Dwan. A Paramount Production.

"A Society Scandal" is a delectable cinema morsel designed to tickle the palates of the Swanson fans. It is a film adaptation of Alfred Sutro's stage play, "The Laughing Lady," which had a long, successful New York engagement a season or two ago.

In this, her latest starring vehicle, Gloria proves beyond the question of a doubt that she is capable of doing some really fine acting. Her detailed pantomime is the nearest thing to excellence we've seen in ages. She has gotten her technique down so thoroughly that one forgets she is acting, and when she turns a comedy point, the laughter of the audience is both spontaneous and hilarious. They do not hesitate to approve her efforts.

In this production Miss Swanson returns to the role of the young society matron, which character she is most happy in. This news will doubtlessly please the girls who are always anxious to get a line on the last gasp from Paris—namely, Gloria's gowns. She certainly has trick trappings in this picture.

The story abounds in delightful humor and the sub-titling is very clever. The plot in the main deals with the revenge of a woman unjustly accused of unfaithfulness to her husband. She determines to get even with the lawyer who brought about her conviction and to prove how little circumstantial evidence should be relied upon. She accomplishes what she set out to do and a little more. We leave what the "little more" is to intrigue you into seeing the picture. Although, on second thought, who has to be dragged to see Gloria Swanson?

Alan Simpson, who is rather a newcomer to the screen, gives a delightful performance as the husband. He promises to be one of the matinee idols of the very near future.

"THE FIGHTING COWARD"
A Romance of the Old South

Presented at the Rivoli Theatre, New York, with a cast including Ernest Torrence, Cullen Landis, Phyllis Haver and Mary Astor. Directed by James Cruse. A Paramount Production.

Cullen Landis shows Mary Astor that he's rough as the Atlantic Ocean in "The Fighting Coward."

Corinne Griith has ardent love made to her by Conway Tearle in *"Lilies of the Field."*

As a great relief from the present influx of photoplays picturing ladies fiercely battling for their beliefs—not to mention their children and their several positions in society—comes this startlingly fresh comedy-melodrama. It originally emanated from the facile pen of one Booth Tarkington, Esq., whose delightful picturization of male youth needs no introduction to you.

This romance of the old Southland—of days that used to be on the Mississippi, is of highly entertaining and constantly amusing nature. Those olden days were, putting it mildly, "hard on cowards." And the definition of "coward" was indeed a unique one. If a cat wouldn't spit at a bull dog, it was a coward and doomed to die.

Tom Rumford was deemed a coward because he wouldn't engage in open sword play with a couple of river cut-throats, and was banished from his father's plantation. He decided then and there that he'd turn "bad man" with a capital "B." And he did! He came to be known as "the wildest orang-outang in the twenty-seven United States."

Ernest Torrence, as Gen. Orlando Jackson, gives a superb performance. Never before have we seen such subtle humor, on the screen, as this clever man gives. We should like to see Mr. Torrence bring some of Dickens' famous characters to the screen. His portrayals of these well-known story people would unquestionably be fascinating and ingenious.

Cullen Landis, as the fighting coward, who prefers chasing butterflies to picking quarrels, and reading poetry to drinking mint juleps, is mighty convincing. He is well cast as the confused young boy who doesn't know what it's all about, but is anxious to do the right thing.

This production has helped to convince us that there should be "all-star" casts in pictures rather than features playing up an individual, with the other members of the company representing all there is in the way of bad talent, or no talent at all.

This picture finishes "high;" that is, it gets better as the story proceeds, and we highly recommend it as screen entertainment of the first order.

The White Sin

An absorbing narrative in which youth and beauty and innocence find their inevitable struggle with man's corruption. Fictionized from a *Palmer Photoplay Production*, as released by the *Film Booking Office*, of *Harold Shumate's* original story

By Charles Warnerby

"HATTIE LOU HARKNESS!"

The voice, high-pitched and nasal in quality, shrilled unpleasantly through the old frame house surrounded by elm trees. It startled a young person, who had paused in her occupation with broom and dustpan to inspect her nose in a mirror—her nose which she suddenly had made the appalling discovery was slightly shiny.

The girl straightened spasmodically and made a grab for her broom and dustpan.

"Yes, Aunt Cynthia," she replied, moving toward the top of the stairway, at the foot of which her aunt, spinsterish and acid - tongued, waited.

"Come, hurry up with that cleanin'," Aunt Cynthia directed. "I can't wait all day to have a little dustin' done. I've got bread to make and I want you to clean the milk house 'fore dinner time."

Hattie Lou sighed. It was not the task itself that disturbed her, but the spirit in which it was requested, the querulous, fault-finding manner in which something was habitually expected of her.

"Yes, Aunt Cynthia," she replied cheerfully, "I'll hurry."

A grumbling, indistinct answer floated up to the girl on the stairs above, and she knew by the sound of her aunt's retreating footsteps that the elderly woman had made her way into the kitchen and was even now in the act of preparing for the oven a "batch of bread."

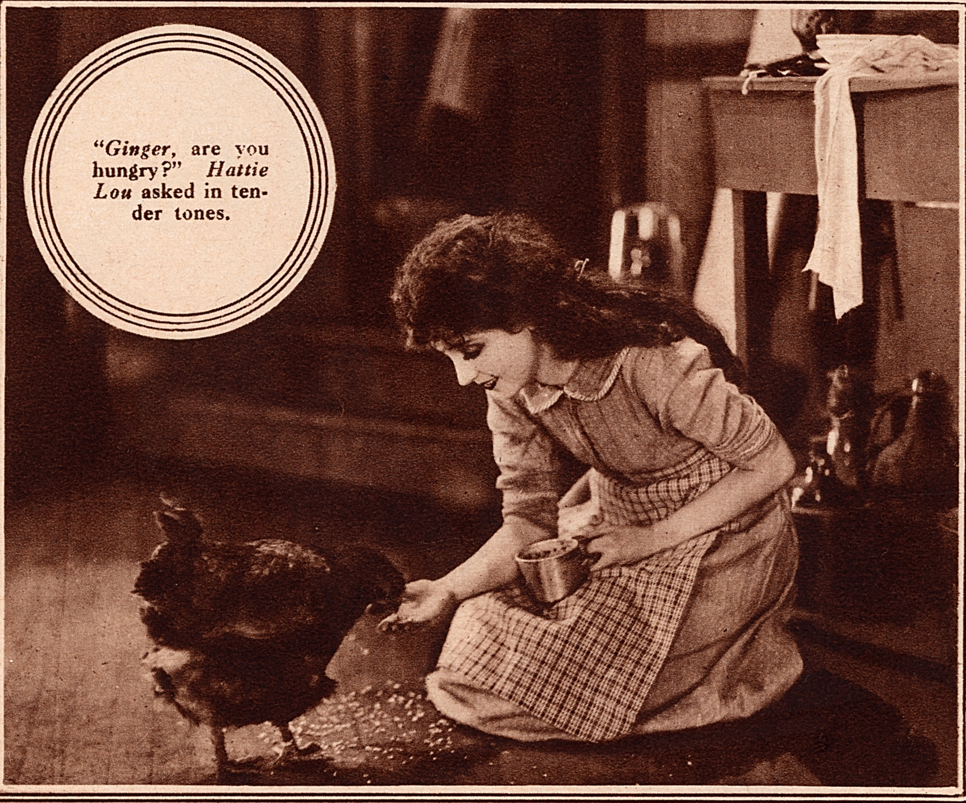
Hattie went back to her task of dusting and of sweeping up here and there a stray particle of dirt. Her nose now forgotten for the time being, she addressed herself diligently to her work, thinking only of her aunt below and of the drabness of her existence with her.

FOR years—as long as she could remember—Hattie Lou had lived with Aunt Cynthia. The elderly woman—her mother's sister—had taken Hattie Lou upon the death of her mother, and the two had lived together for a period of more than fifteen years. In earlier life, Aunt Cynthia had been mellower, Hattie Lou thought. But in recent years, the milk of human kindness in the old lady's nature had all turned to vinegar, and she became, as time went on, an increasingly difficult person to live with.

Outside the old house shaded by tall elms, a June sun slanted down over the village of Farm Centre. The wide thoroughfare, that bisected the town in a wide sweep, was lined with maples and the homes of well-to-do townfolk. Farm Center was a prosperous community in which already the younger element had begun to realize the lure of jazz and the attractions of the wild party.

Hattie Lou looked out through one of the upper windows and sighed again. In the distance she could catch a glimpse of some young people in white flannels, and her heart, which was a girl's heart, leaped with eagerness to be one of the idle and carefree young folk. As Hattie Lou had lived all of her life in Farm Center, she knew everyone, and she knew also the pleasure that some of the young people, with their motor cars and tennis, enjoyed, compared with her own life of uneventful toil.

Hattie Lou continued her task of tidying up the upper portion of the house and then descended to the floor below. She went down with the slight sinking sensation that one feels in a rapidly descending elevator, fearful or the sharpness of her aunt's tongue and certain she would have done something or would do something that would merit rebuke.



"Ginger, are you hungry?" Hattie Lou asked in tender tones.

Aunt Cynthia was not in the kitchen, however, and an instant's reflection assured Hattie Lou that she was in the milk house. A low, persistent cluck from the doorway assailed her hearing, and she turned to find her favorite rooster standing without and gazing patiently in at her.

It was a matter of humorous comment in certain portions of the village of how the pet rooster would follow Hattie Lou, if permitted, as a dog would do. Hattie Lou, herself, found no humor in this, for it only made her love the rooster more. She often explained that the rooster was attached to her because she "talked to it," and this, indeed, seemed the case.

"Why, Ginger!" she said now to her small red friend on the other side of the kitchen's screen door. A steady cluck-cluck was returned in answer to her greeting and Hattie Lou, her heart smiting her with what seemed like neglect of her pet, opened the door a few inches and permitted him to enter.

The rooster came sedately in and paused at the feet of Hattie Lou. She bent forward to a nearby table and captured a cookie that lay with some others on a plate within reach of her hand.

"Ginger, are you hungry?" Hattie Lou asked in tender tones.

She bent down and stroked the rooster's velvet back. With her other hand she gave him the cookie and, chicken-like, he at once proceeded to peck at it ferociously, while she stroked his smooth neck and whispered soft terms of endearment.

SO ENGROSSED was Hattie Lou in this that she did not hear the return of Aunt Cynthia from the milk house. Her first cognizance of the fact came in her aunt's familiar acid voice.

"Hattie Lou! What does this mean?"

Hattie Lou straightened as suddenly as she had done a half hour before, when her aunt had hailed her from below.

"Oh, Aunt Cynthia!" she exclaimed nervously. "I'm just feeding Ginger a cookie."

Ginger, as startled apparently by Aunt Cynthia's voice, as was Hattie Lou, started frantically about the kitchen, seeking some avenue of escape. He finally made it, as Hattie Lou obligingly opened the kitchen door, and, with a storm of cluck-clucks, he disappeared in the hen yard.

Hattie Lou turned, to find her aunt's eyes fixed severely upon her.

"What do you mean, Hattie Lou, by bringing that animal into my kitchen? You know what I have said about this before."

Hattie Lou was flustered and showed it. Her hands worked nervously, and with her dark, slightly tousled hair and her flushed cheeks, she was altogether an adorable little object.

"I'm sorry, Aunt Cynthia," she repeated. "Ginger just sounded so hungry, I couldn't resist feeding him that cookie."

Aunt Cynthia's upturned nose, as well as her curled lip, was eloquent of the contemptuous scorn she felt.

"Hungry!" she said in disgust. "Well, now, let there be no more of it. Go out at once and clean the milk house. And let me see no more of such tomfoolery."

Drab and dispirited, Hattie Lou did as she was bid. But somewhere in her heart a little spark of revolt was beginning to glimmer. Anything—almost anything—would be preferable to this eternal scolding and fault-finding. And she wanted so to live and to enjoy life. And she did love Ginger so. Oh, dear!

THAT afternoon, with the milk house cleaned and after having poured all of her troubles into the sympathetic ear of Ginger, Hattie Lou dressed herself carefully in her best summer dress and started out for a walk down Main Street. She felt that if she stayed a moment longer that afternoon with Aunt Cynthia, she would surely scream. Her elderly relative had got so painfully upon Hattie Lou's young nerves, that nothing save the tonic of a fine, free walk though the heart of Farm Center could dispel the gloom about her.

Hattie Lou passed several young people she knew, with a pleasant smile and a nod of her head, and continued on through the village to the post office at the upper end. She would have liked to stop and talk with some of the young people but a certain innate (*Continued on page 31*)

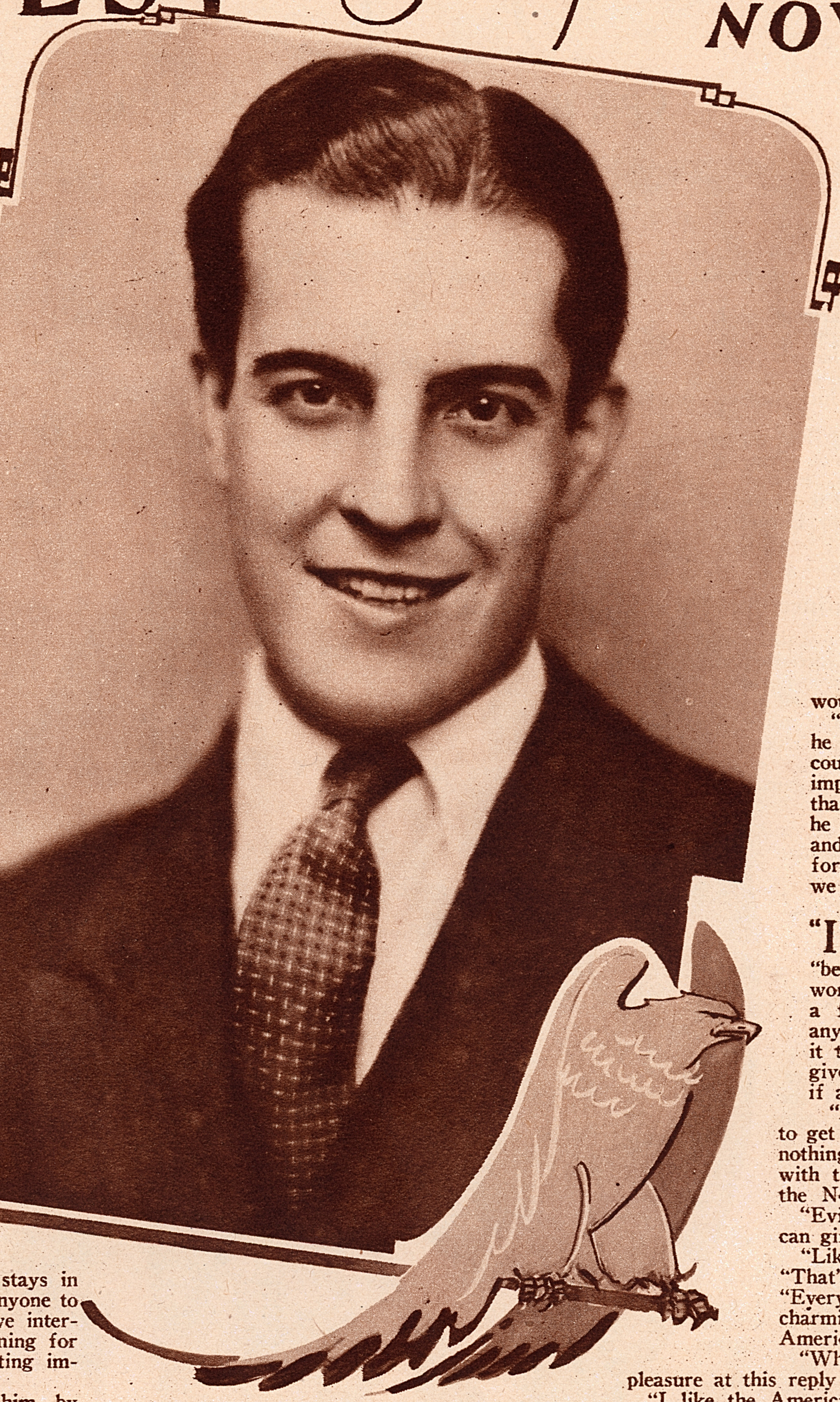
WHY I Like American GIRLS BEST

by Ramon NOVARRO

Popular young *screen favorite*, whose portrait appears on the cover, tells how he went to *Paris* to learn how to make *love*

An Interview with

Nanette Kutner



THE Ziegfeld "Follies" Beauties are so accustomed to handsome admirers that it takes a perfect Adonis to give them a thrill. Yet, just the other night they were thrilled. They never looked more beautiful, they never sang better, and they never danced so well. Why? Because the one and only Ramon Novarro was sitting in the front row orchestra, and of course they all wanted to please him. Who wouldn't? The girls worked so hard, that consequently they never put on a better performance. Someone suggested that it would be worth Mr. Ziegfeld's while if he paid Novarro to sit in the front row every night. He could then be sure of always presenting a perfect performance.

If just seeing Ramon in the orchestra gave the "Follies" chorines a thrill, you can imagine how we felt when we were asked to interview him. We couldn't eat! We couldn't sleep! Every flapper in town envied us! Can you blame them?

Getting an interview with the handsome Ramon is not an easy matter, for it seems to us that as soon as he arrives anywhere, he leaves. He never stays in one place very long, or long enough for anyone to place a finger on him. The first time we interviewed him he was leaving the next morning for Paris. This time we heard he was starting immediately for Hollywood.

We made up our mind to interview him, by hook or by crook, for nothing ventured, nothing gained, we knew, so we bribed everyone in sight, and that's how we got Ramon's telephone number. Gathering up all our courage, we rang him up, and you can imagine the jump we had when we heard his voice. He speaks with such a fascinating accent.

"Can you meet me at the office at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning?" he asked.

Could we? Would we? We'll tell the world we would be there with bells on, and we were. Of course we never expected him to be on time, for screen stars seldom are, and as we were ten minutes early, we anticipated a good long wait.

We sailed into the Metro office, as we said—ten minutes early, and, to our surprise, who should be standing in the doorway, but Alice Terry, Rex Ingram and—Ramon himself. We usually feel self-conscious in the presence of one star, but three! Talk about seeing stars! We were tongue-tied—and then some!

"When an *American* girl wants a thing," said *Mr. Novarro*, "she goes and gets it, and that's why I like 'em."

"Let's go some place where we can be alone," he suggested. And now, really, don't you wish you had been in our shoes? It handed us the thrill of our impressionable young life.

WE LOOKED for a vacant room, but they must have been few and far between, for the only place we could find was a tiny office. It was furnished with a table and a chair, so Ramon sat on the table, while we sat on the chair, and then we just—got acquainted.

"I had a wonderful time in Europe," he told us, in describing his recent trip. "We took all our exterior scenes in Tunis, Egypt. The interiors we took in Paris. Believe me, I won't forget Paris in a hurry. You know, most folks think we movie people aren't human. I am going to say something very unromantic. It will probably queer me with the fans."

"Why, what is it?" we asked.

"I won't forget Paris," Mr. Novarro answered, "because it has the most delicious food I ever tasted! There, I've said it! You see, I am a human man after all, and I guess you've often heard that saying, 'The way to a man's heart is through his stomach.' Paris won my heart, all right, all right."

"Before leaving for Europe," we ventured, "you told us that you were going to Paris in order to learn how to make love better. Did you accomplish your purpose?" we questioned. We were dying to hear what he would have to say about this.

"I studied conscientiously," he returned with a smile. "Of course I don't know if I have improved at all. But I can say that I worked very hard at it," he answered. His eyes twinkled and he laughed. We'll never forget that laugh as long as we live.

"I AM glad to get back to America," he continued, "because that is where I have worked and tried to accomplish a few things. If I ever do anything worth while, I want it to be in America, so I can give her the benefit of it all—if any.

"And particularly, I am glad to get back to New York, because nothing in the world can compare with the New York theatres and the New York girls!"

"Evidently, you like the American girl," we ventured.

"Like her!" he exclaimed. "That's hardly the word for it. "Every nationality has its own charming girls, but I like the American girl best of all!"

"Why?" we asked, quaking with pleasure at this reply of Ramon's.

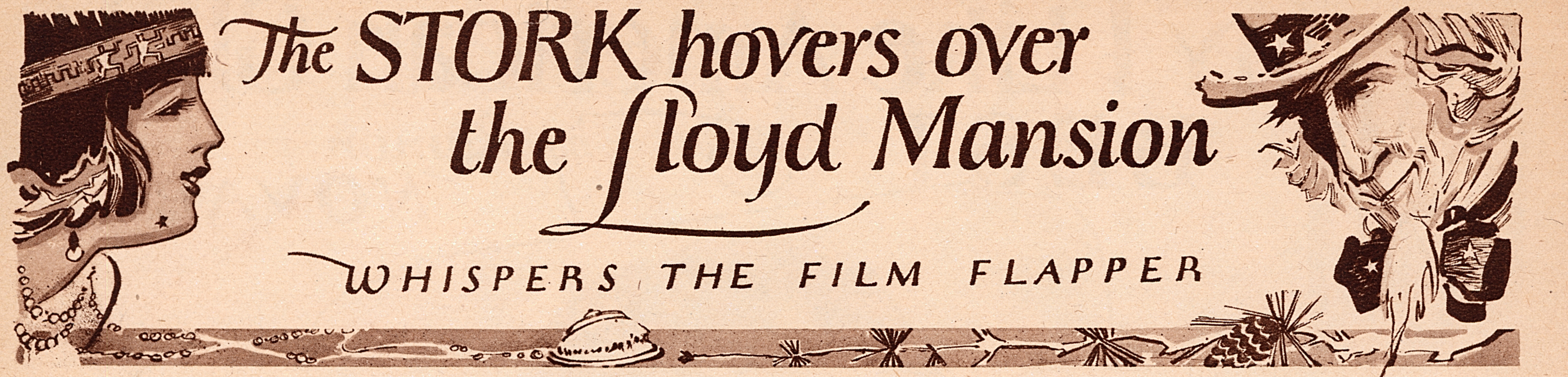
"I like the American girl best," he explained, "because she is able to stand on her own feet. She is independent. I admire that quality most in any person, in a man as well as in a woman. When an American girl wants a thing, she goes and gets it, and that's why I like 'em. The American girls are better dancers, better athletes than the European girls, for the very reason that they get what they go after.

"I have noticed one thing," he added. "Europe is more cultured; it has the understanding of old age, but I like America and Americans best because they have the youth and the enthusiasm of youth."

We only wish you could have seen him as he said that. His big brown eyes sparkled, his young, boyish face glowed with the very enthusiasm he was talking about.

"Did you have many interesting experiences in Europe?" we asked.

"Yes," he smiled, "I had many, many interesting adventures, but I am afraid they can't be published!"



The STORK hovers over the Lloyd Mansion

WHISPERS THE FILM FLAPPER

There are going to be any number of heirs to picture fortunes running around Hollywood, according to the present outlook.

Now the stork is lingering around the home of Harold Lloyd, and will alight in about four months; so that Lloyd is now happily looking forward to being the proud dad to an heir or heiress, as the case may be, and his little nephew's nose will be all out of joint.

Harold Lloyd is very fond of children, and heretofore he has poured his wealth of affections out on his small nephew, son of his brother, Gaylord Lloyd. And it is all because of the stork, they say, that the trip of the Lloyds to Europe is being postponed.

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Ruth Roland Is Injured

Poor Ruth Roland is having just the worst luck lately. Just as she had succeeded in promoting her own picture company, and was all ready to start work, she fell and dislocated her hip, injuring also some of her vertebrae. She is feeling much better, however, and will shortly be able to go before the camera again.

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Marilynn Miller To Become A Screen Star

So Marilynn Miller, Jack Pickford's wife, is going to become a picture star, too! She has come to Hollywood with her husband, and is announced as planning to make one picture.

Whether Miss Miller will play "Peter Pan" on the stage or not isn't certain; but the prophets are predicting that not only will she play it on the stage, but in the Lasky picture production.

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Alice Terry Homesick

Alice Terry is very homesick for a sight of her mother and sister out in Hollywood, according to a cable received by her mother, and she intends not to remain in New York, but to come straight home, even though her husband, Rex Ingram, is detained by business in the east.

The star has been absent from Hollywood, over in Europe, for many months, and she says she is tired of cathedrals and deserts and bad coffee.

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The Novarro Family Eager for Ramon's Return

Also Ramon Novarro's ten brothers and sisters in Los Angeles are clamoring for his presence. He aids in the support of the family, you know, being a dutiful son, and has undertaken the education of his younger brothers. Novarro is not to linger in New York, but is to come west.

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Bill Has A Heart for His Baby

Even though Bill Hart and his wife are separated, Hart doesn't forget his little son on birthdays and Christmas. He sends the youngsters no toys, however, but on his birthday sent him a huge silver loving cup, engraved with both Bill's names; and on Christmas he sent the little one a handsome phonograph.

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Fatty Arbuckle To Direct Pictures

Roscoe Arbuckle has come out of his retirement, and is now aiding Buster Keaton in the direction of the comedian's current picture. Arbuckle has a particular flair for directing, and may possibly come back to public favor in this way.

Roscoe had to give up his big house and his cars long ago. He is living very simply and quietly and humbly in a tiny house, with one servant.

Dolores Rousse, a mere slip of a girl, in a costume that suits her. EDWIN BOWER HESSER

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Dorothy Mackaill Springs A Good One

Even if she is Scotch, Dorothy Mackaill isn't above fashing the Scots in a wee, bit way. She was busily working a cash register out on a set at one of the studios the other day, and somebody asked her facetiously what tune she was playing on it.

"The Scotch National Air!" retorted Miss Mackaill.

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Viola Dana Consoles Sister Shirley

Shirley Mason will not sell the beautiful home which she and the late Bernard Durning, her husband, so carefully built and planned together. She says she couldn't bear to part with it.

Miss Mason and her sister, Viola Dana, are inseparable ever since little Shirley's loss. Viola sees to it that Shirley isn't left alone to brood over her sorrow, and either Shirley stays with Viola, or Viola goes over and stays with Shirley all the time.

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A Hot Retort From Zasu Pitts

It's no use being high-brow or Ritzy with Zasu Pitts. She just won't let you get a crick in the neck looking up at her, no matter how famous she becomes.

A hero-worshipper from her home town came to the Lasky studio to see her the other day, where she was working in Cecil De Mille's "Triumph." But Zasu insisted on slipping off her pedestal. She invited the lady to come and see her at her home.

"Oh," gushed the lady, "I should adore to see you in your own residence!"

"Yes, do," said Zasu, "you must come out and see the new stove!"

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Estelle Taylor Pays Her Debts of Gratitude

Not everybody forgets his or her debts of gratitude. Take Estelle Taylor, for instance. Miss Taylor is seeing to it that her sister—Miss Taylor's elder—gets her chance in pictures.

"You see, when we were girls, my sister gave up everything so that I could have an education," said Miss Taylor. "I feel eternally grateful to her; and I'm going to see to it that she has a chance now."

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From the Heart of the Yosemite

Dainty little Dolores Roussé, the Fox film star who was formerly a Ziegfeld "Follies" girl, is on location in the Yosemite National Park, California where her new picture, "The Trouble Shooter," with Tom Mix, is now being made.

"It is a beautiful country," she writes, "and distractingly romantic."

We can imagine romance lurking around the corner whenever Miss Roussé is nearby. You don't need the Yosemite to have romance. All you need is Dolores.

The charming little screen star is completing her fourth picture under the Fox auspices, the first of which, with Genevieve Tobin, was "No Mother to Guide Her."

On the SET and Off

Betty Blythe met Lois Wilson at the Ritz one day recently. Lois, you know, is playing the Queen of France in Valentino's production of "Monsieur Beaucaire."

"Well, Lois," said Betty, the ex-Queen of Sheba, "how do you like being a queen?"

"All I can say, Betty," Lois answered, "is that the heavy costumes I have to wear as the queen simply wear me out. I stagger into bed every night exhausted. Thank heaven we don't have to wear clothes like that nowadays."

"Oh," replied Betty, "I didn't have that trouble when I played Sheba, several years ago."

"Of course not, Betty," Lois pointed out, "three or four beads don't weigh anything."

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Corinne Griffith recently got back from Honolulu, and her arrival in Los Angeles created an amusing situation. Some of her friends, knowing the date on which her steamship was scheduled to dock, made inquiries in order to send her a wireless message. They were told that the only vessel due in Los Angeles from Honolulu on that particular day was the "Stanley Dollar."

Accordingly, it was to this ship that they sent their message. In the meantime, Miss Griffith arrived at San Francisco two days sooner than they expected. And in a couple of days her friends got word from the "Stanley Dollar," referring to their message:

"Must be some mistake. No women aboard. This is a lumber vessel."

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Fourteen months ago Theodore von Eltz secured one day's work as a minor player in Herbert Brenon's first production for Paramount, "The Rustle of Silk." His job in that picture was to stand on a street corner, dressed in an old uniform, and sell pencils. In that fourteen months, the outlook has changed for Mr. von Eltz. He is now playing a featured role in Herbert Brenon's latest production for Paramount, "The Breaking Point."

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William S. Hart has won a new distinction, this time in his capacity as an author. His recent historical novel, "A Lighter of Flames," depicting the life of Patrick Henry, proved one of the most popular books of the season, and now he has been informed that the book is considered worthy of being printed in Braille type for the use of the blind, and his permission was asked for the translation.

Of course, Big Bill's consent was immediate and the Braille version of "A Lighter of Flames" will soon be printed at the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind, Watertown, Mass. Here 700 blind boys and girls will have the privilege of reading the book.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Richard Walton Tully finds an eager public to assist him in the selection of a suitable actress for the leading role in "The Bird of Paradise." He asked for suggestions from the movie fans and promptly received a deluge of letters from all over the country.

Among the many actresses proposed by mail for the role that of Luana—are Pola Negri, Virginia Brown Faire, Julanne Johnston, Betty Compson, Nazimova, Bebe Daniels, Carmel Myers, Lenore Ulric, Renee Adoree, Bessie Barriscale and others.

Tully is still undecided and if anyone wants to suggest an appropriate actress, he can write to Richard Walton Tully, at 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. It isn't a contest, nor are any prizes offered.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

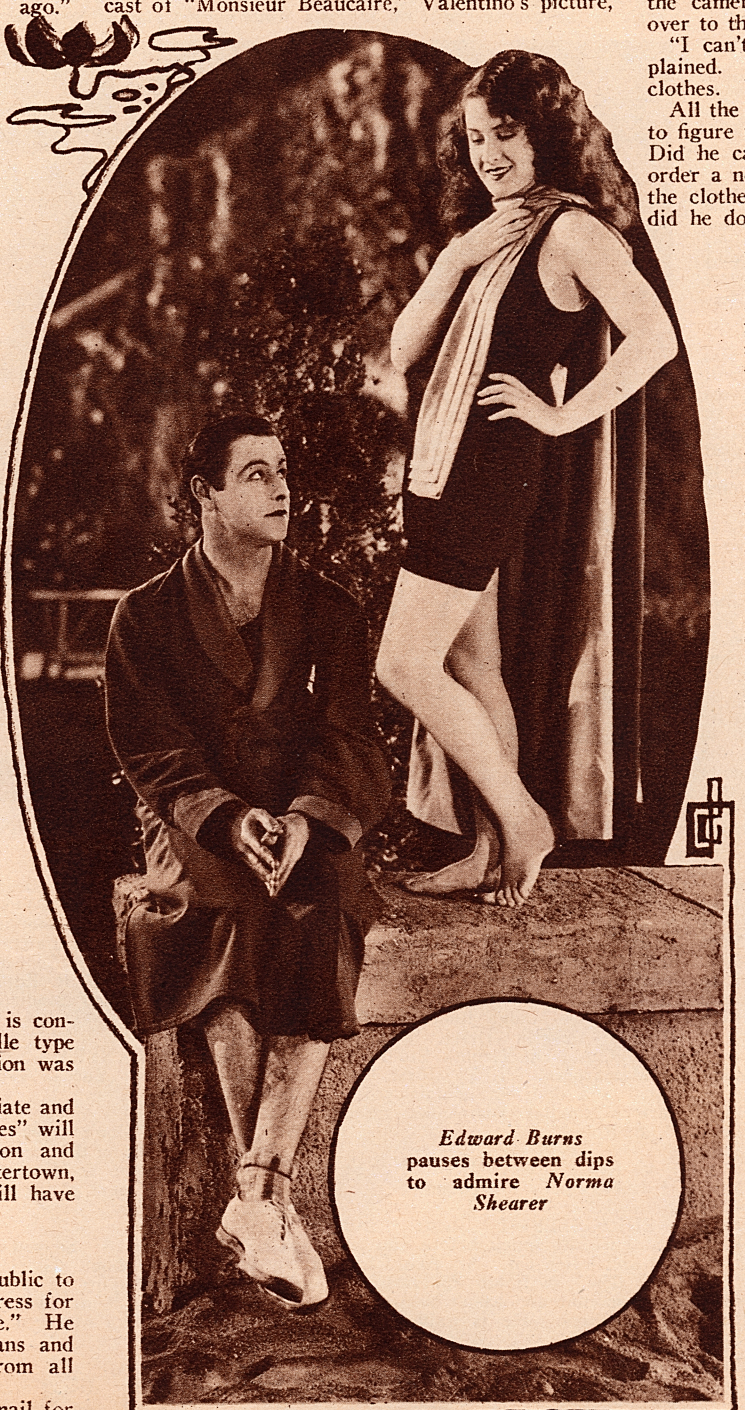
A very odd puzzle is baffling the members of the cast of "Monsieur Beaucaire," Valentino's picture, which is being made at the Paramount Long Island studio. The problem is—how did King Louis XV and his courtiers sit down in those fancy little arm chairs they used? With flaring coat-tails and protruding swords, the men of the "Monsieur Beaucaire" company are finding it quite a feat—even an impossibility.

Lowell Sherman, as Louis XV, is called upon to sit in an arm chair during a theatrical entertainment that is given for him. The camera was started and Director Sidney Olcott shouted to Sherman to sit down. Lowell didn't move. Finally the camera was stopped and Mr. Olcott walked over to the actor to find out what was the matter.

"I can't sit down in this outfit," Sherman explained. "If I do, I'll ruin all these beautiful clothes. What shall I do?"

All the experts on the picture got together to try to figure things out. How *did* the king sit down? Did he carelessly smash his clothes and have to order a new suit every time he sat down, or were the clothes made of different material—and what did he do with his sword?

It was finally decided that even though King Louis might have been profligate with his suits, there was no permitting Sherman to ruin a perfectly good Paris-made costume. So the problem was solved by taking the arms off the chairs —which, fortunately, was quite all right for the period.



Edward Burns pauses between dips to admire *Norma Shearer*

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Big Bill Hart is in town. The popular Western movie star arrived a few days ago to be present at the opening of his picture, "Singer Jim McKee," which marks his return to the screen after an absence of over two years. Glad to see you back, Bill. We've missed you a lot.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Edwin Carewe, who was in Africa recently, filming his latest production, "A Son of Sahara," in which Bert Lytell, Claire Windsor and Montagu Love will play, reports that picture production in Africa has at least one advantage in that of cheap extras. Mr. Carewe found that he could hire the real thing for much less money than he would have had to pay here for make-believe Arabs, and in the matter of camels, he found that he could rent them for 50 cents a day.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

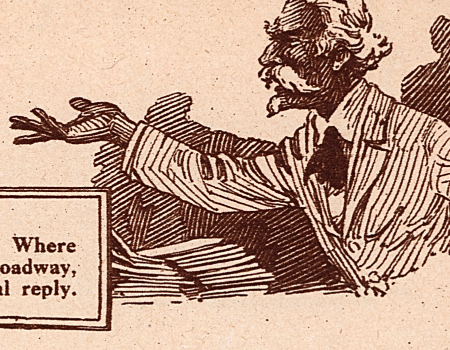
Mabel Normand arrived in New York the other day. Mabel has had her hair bobbed, which handed many of her Eastern friends a big surprise. She came East to visit her parents on Staten Island and to make some personal appearances. We have never seen her looking so charming as she did the day she arrived minus her beautiful curls.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Tom Moore, whose popularity never seems to wane, has been signed to play opposite Gloria Swanson in her next Paramount picture entitled "Manhandled." Allan Dwan will direct the production, which will be made at Famous Players' Long Island Studio.

Moore was recently featured in "Big Brother," and his work was so well liked in the latter picture as to lead to his choice as leading man for Gloria Swanson.

Brown-Eyed Blonde Wants To Meet George O'Hara



ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you wonder if your favorite screen star is married? Where she was born? Ask the COLONEL, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, N. Y. C. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

BROWN-EYED BLONDE—So you want to meet George O'Hara? Shall I suggest that he stop off in Oconomowoc—that is, if he can remember that name? No, he isn't married. Neither is Ivor Novello. Conrad Nagel is married to Ruth Helms.

DUMB-BELL—So you think unmarried actors act better because they aren't afraid to kiss? Well, I never saw one yet—married or unmarried—who was afraid. Lew Cody is divorced from Dorothy Dalton.

UTNE—In love with Ralph Graves, are you? His address is the Los Angeles Athletic Club. His wife, Marjorie Seamon, died several years ago.

BONNY JEAN—Of course I wasn't laughing at you—I was laughing with you. Montagu Love has been playing in pictures right along; his latest are "Little Old New York," "Roulette" and "A Son of the Sahara," which he has recently been making abroad.

PINK CHEEKS—And when you get to be a millionaire, you'll will half your fortune to the movies and me! Isn't it too bad you're only eighteen! Nita Naldi is of Italian ancestry. You'll be glad to know that Lowell Sherman is playing in Valentino's new picture, "Monsieur Beaucaire."

BETTY—Even if you do live a long way from the screen stars, you might be able sometime to hear them speak on the radio. Monte Blue is thirty-four; he was recently divorced. Hoot Gibson is thirty-two; his wife is Helen Johnson.

PIANO, UKE AND VIOLINIST—I suppose when you go to the movies you always sit in the orchestra. Reginald Denny is married to Irene Haisman. Creighton Hale lives at 1762 Orchid Ave., Los Angeles. Yes, Ramon Novarro is a very talented musician.

MADELINE—So you think I am on old dear? Well, right at the moment I am a cold dear. However, spring will soon be here. Ivor Novello is about twenty-five. He is the son of Clara Novello Davies, the English concert singer. He has not announced his intention of returning to America.

ALICE—Judging by the number of heights you want, I'd suggest you go out to Hollywood with a tape-measure under your arm. Kathlyn Williams and Hope Hampton, each, 5 feet 5; Priscilla Dean, Florence Vidor, 5 feet 4, and Margaret Livingston 5 feet 3.

TOM MEIGHAN'S ADMIRER—In love with Tom Meighan on the screen, are you? Well, as long as your love is only screen love, I suppose his wife, Frances Ring, can bear up. He was born in Pittsburgh in 1883; he has black hair and brown eyes and is six feet tall. His address is Los Angeles Athletic Club.

JUST A MUSIC LOVER—Yes, Ivor Novello composes songs; he does most of his work in England. I don't know whether Mary Pickford plays any musical instruments or not.

B. E. R.—So you think Eva Novak is the prettiest girl on the screen? Well, probably her husband, Richard Reed, thinks so too. She was born in St. Louis, Mo., about twenty-three years ago. Write her at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood.

S. J. N.—Madge Bellamy lives at 517 Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal. The Griffith Studio is at Mamaroneck, N. Y. First National is a distributing agency for various smaller companies. See B. E. R.

V. F. G.—Evelyn Brent lives at Hillview Apts., Hollywood.

CURIOSITY—I'd better still that curiosity quick before you go out and kill a cat. Art Acord has been down in South America for some months and hasn't been making pictures. He is a blond.

IMA KID—I hope you haven't grown to be a goat by now, waiting for your answers. William Collier, Jr's address is Friar's Club, 110 W. 48th St., N. Y. Write Joseph Striker at United Studio, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. The only address I can suggest for Ivor Novello is D. W. Griffith office, 1476 Broadway, N. Y., as he has returned to his home in England.

M. S.—As to why Marguerite De La Motte doesn't play oftener, maybe she has to take time out to sleep. She has recently played in "When a Man's a Man" and "Superstition." She lives at 1401 Fairfax Ave., Los Angeles. Jackie Coogan, Metro Studio. See B. E. R. Edith Roberts' address is 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

MEYER KURLANSKY—Neal Hart lives at 6258 Yucca Ave., Hollywood.

LUZITANIO—I don't know of any Portugese actors on the screen. Lila Lee's real name is Augusta Apfel. Valentino's next picture is "Monsieur Beaucaire."

FLAPPER GLORIA—So you're dying to know about Gloria? Please don't take it quite so much to heart. She is about twenty-seven and is American of Swedish descent. She doesn't give her home address; write her at the Lasky Studio, Astoria, L. I.

MICKEY—You see, I saw to it that you got an answer before 1999. My lease on this column doesn't last that long. You bet I wish you luck in your scenario writing. As to a personal interview with Joseph Schildkraut; he has doubtless long since left Chicago.

LITTLE DUDDY—I've known lots of duds in my day. Constance Talmadge's address is 1540 Broadway, New York.

BERTHA—Big Bertha herself! No, Rudolph Valentino wasn't sick; he was abroad for a long time. Richard Dix is thirty and is not married. His latest picture is "Icebound." Jack Holt is in his thirties. George Walsh played recently in "Rosita" and is now in Europe playing the lead in "Ben Hur." Yes, Norma Talmadge has bobbed hair.

BOBBIE—When you mention Johnnie Walker, you mean of course the actor and not the beverage frowned upon by Mr. Volstead. No, he isn't married; he is about twenty-six. He lives at 6851 Odin St., Los Angeles. His latest pictures are "The Mailman," "Fashionable Fakers," and "Swords and Ploughshares" on which he is now working.

LITTLE SUNSHINE—We need a little. Anna Q. Nilsson's birthplace is Ystad, Sweden. She is in her thirties, is 5 feet 7, weighs 132, and is a blonde. She lives at 1945½ Argyle St., Hollywood. Betty Compson was born in Frisco, Utah near Salt Lake City. She is 5 feet 2, weighs 115 and has reddish brown hair and blue eyes. She is about twenty-four.

MISS PEGGY—Yes, I get a lot of silly questions—but yours were not. Glenn Hunter is twenty-six; he is engaged to May McAvoy. Write him for his picture at Highland Mills, New York. James Kirkwood is forty-two; he is married to Lila Lee. Write him at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. John Bowers is married to Marguerite De La Motte and lives at 141 S. Manhattan Place, Hollywood.

BLACKIE—That's an appropriate way to sign your name when asking about Monte Blue. Black and blue go so well together. He was recently divorced. His latest picture is "Loving Lie." Write him, Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, N. Y. Wesley Barry is seventeen and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., thirteen.

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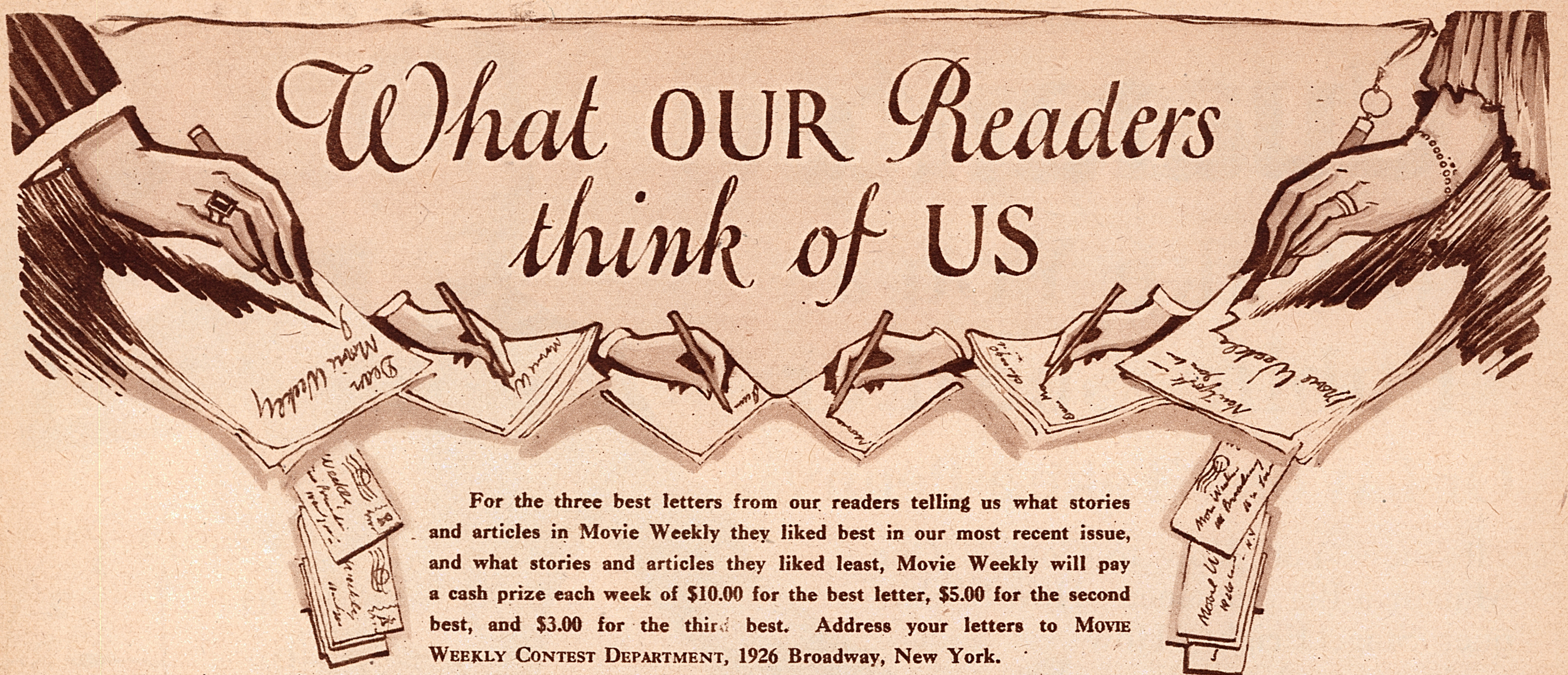

For the three best letters from our readers telling us what stories and articles in Movie Weekly they liked best in our most recent issue, and what stories and articles they liked least, Movie Weekly will pay a cash prize each week of $10.00 for the best letter, $5.00 for the second best, and $3.00 for the third best. Address your letters to MOVIE WEEKLY CONTEST DEPARTMENT, 1926 Broadway, New York.

This Week's $10.00 Prize Letter

The special attraction Movie Weekly has for me is the timeliness of its articles. Whatever is of interest at the particular moment, whatever has happened that is vital and important in the moving picture world, Movie Weekly always has the news, fresh and in detail, which is just what the fans want. For example, Movie Weekly gave its readers all the particulars of Valentino's suit with Famous Players as it was being tried. The article about Mabel Normand came just when it was needed, not a month afterwards, when it would have fallen flat.

In the March 8th issue of Movie Weekly this same policy is followed. All the fans are interested in Valentino's return to the screen and his story of his trip abroad is interesting and extremely well written. The reviews of picture plays are splendid and I would like to see this department enlarged. More pages and pictures devoted to it. A good plan would be to allow one whole page to the more important pictures. This page would contain several scenes from the play and the written review. These reviews, by John W. Vandercook, are splendid and always dependable.

I would like to see the fiction in Movie Weekly dispensed with, and these pages used for pictures and reviews. The fiction that Movie Weekly now publishes is trashy, sensational, and possesses the very qualities you disapprove in photoplays. Every other department in Movie Weekly is always pleasing and in good taste.

I would like to see a good puzzle contest in Movie Weekly.

I think Movie Weekly is most generous in asking its readers for their opinions. I love the page devoted to the Film Flapper. It is so newsy! And I read every answer that the Colonel writes.

Wishing Movie Weekly the success which it richly deserves, as it is the most interesting, "up-to-date" moving picture magazine published.

GRACE FERRAND.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

I have often wanted to tell you what I like in Movie Weekly, of which I am a most enthusiastic reader. There is such a friendly, intimate spirit within its pages.

There is but one thing I do not like—the fiction running lately is not worthy of a high class magazine; I would rather read real facts about those fascinating folks, the stars.

I can scarcely say that I prefer one department more than another, though the Colonel is a favorite of mine. The reviews of recent films are helpful.

I like your short editorials, the Reel Dope, news of the stars, and, most of all, the occasional glimpses into the home life of the stars. There should be more of the latter—everyone is eager to know what these famous people really do when they are not before the camera. I greatly enjoyed the recent articles on Thomas Meighan and Mildred and Harold Lloyd. We all like to read of young romance.

Ivor Novello winks at his audience in "The Rat," now playing in London.

I have wanted to express my admiration for Movie Weekly's fairness toward Rudolph Valentino during his fight for what he considered right. I have admired him much more since it has been revealed that he is a real hero, a man of character and courage, and Movie Weekly has been right in its attitude. I, for one, have not yet found too many articles about him or too many pictures of him.

But there are others who, I think, should be featured more. I wish you would publish something about Warner Baxter—he is surely handsome and romantic enough for more prominence. I would suggest a department in which readers could discuss the less well-known players, some of whom, it seems to me, deserve stardom. So many excellent actors struggle along for years just within the reach, but do not quite reach the pinnacle, and a little publicity would do them good. I hope you will give more space to these deserving ones.

For a cover the face of a lovely girl or a good-looking man is much more desirable than a scantily clad figure.

As a whole, I would give three cheers for Movie Weekly and its continued success. G. B.

This Week's $3.00 Prize Letter

Your invitation for criticism of Movie Weekly manifests your spirit of fairness. This editorial policy makes the readers of your magazine feel infinitely human, and not inconsequential. I am using the March 15th issue, edited by Marion Davies, as a basis for my discussion.

On the whole, I was well satisfied with this issue. It only goes to exemplify Miss Davies' ability and intellect, as well as her versatility.

I certainly enjoy reading Valentino's story of his trip abroad. In his splendid version we see Valentino—the man. Many of our celebrities have gone abroad. Let us have their own story of their adventures.

The "King and Queen of the Movies," by Ruth Mabrey, is an entertaining little article.

The "Colonel's Department" is greatly appreciated by the inquisitive fan. Let us have this department always.

The Play Reviews are instructive as well as interesting. We cannot have too much discussion of recent productions.

Your Chit Chats About Movie Stars are excellent. But why not have more of them—say two or three pages?

About the only undesirable feature of Movie Weekly, in my opinion, is the continued stories. The best of the stories now being published, is, I think, "By Divine Right," and this is just mediocre. If you could publish the stories of some of the recent productions, like the "Hunchback of Notre Dame," or the "White Sister," in instalments, I am quite sure the readers would find them more interesting than the "Trail I Struck to Hollywood" and similar stories.

A fashion and beauty department would doubtless add to the interest of Movie Weekly. I think the majority of the readers of this publication are those of the fair sex, and beauty and style hints would appeal to them. KATHRYN MARKS.

The Love Affairs of a Movie Actor

(*Continued from page* 15)

part of the voyage I scarcely ventured from my cabin. I spoke to no one, gave curt answers to any inquiries, took part in no games, and moped gloomily by myself.

I was in no mood for genial amusement, and I could no longer pretend to keep up a disguise, since it had not served me with Olga, who had recognized me at first glance. If I had failed to hide my identity in Paris, it was hopeless to do so on an American ship full of returning tourists. I took my right name, received the usual allotment of stares, and observed no one.

But voyages are difficult things for the person who is inclined to be solitary. There is something about the sea that creates among the passengers the spirit of mutual dependence, and I soon saw that the usual friendships were developing, which would die at the dock, the usual flirtations and intimacies.

But I looked on with bitterness, and I felt that for the one trick that had been played on me, I distrusted all women. I forgot the kindnesses and the sacrifices of other women I had known, and to my jaundiced eye the world was full of Olga Vassilevs, schemers and liars all.

The table to which I had been assigned by the chief steward seated five others. These were an elderly professor, a Western cattle man, a certain Major Amory, his wife, and his daughter, Beatrice.

She was about nineteen, I judged, a pretty girl who had apparently been spoiled by her parents, and who offered enough allurement to make most men wish to go on spoiling her. She had wide blue eyes under her brown hair, and her mouth seemed curved as if asking kisses.

But I did not let myself show any interest in her, or any pleasure in her company. Beyond a brief greeting, I was coldly distant. I wanted no more mix-ups with women. I was through!

STILL, I would see her studying me with her head on one side, and her blue eyes full of grave reflection, and the temptation to smile was big in me. One day, strolling down the deck, I found her all alone in her steamer chair.

"Oh, Mr. Kent," she called, "won't you come over here and talk to me? I'm so lonely!"

"Thanks very much," I answered. "But I'm going to my cabin almost immediately."

She looked at me with a slightly hurt air, and I saw her bite her lips.

That evening at dinner there was a new arrival at my table, and the elderly professor had moved away. The newcomer was a young man who was introduced as George Darrow. He had an agreeable, good-natured face, smiling, frank, and very American. I wondered at the transfer, but it was not long before I heard.

Beatrice Amory had arranged it, with a skill which I did not question. All during that meal she ignored me completely, addressing herself entirely to young Darrow, and showing the greatest degree of interest and enthusiasm for everything he said.

I might have smiled at the simple, rather charming feminine act at any other time. But now, somehow, it irritated me. Innocent as it was—for I had no doubt that Darrow's arrival had been arranged in order to precipitate me into pursuit—I saw in it only a variation of the scheming of Olga Vassilev.

I smiled grimly to myself and wondered what this young girl would have thought had she known of that episode in my career! And I watched her with cynical, if amused, eyes.

Resolutions are difficult things to hang on to at best, and the voyage seemed endless to me. When we were still three days from port, I flung all my fine promises overboard, and then and there set out to play the game with Beatrice Amory.

The mood in which I acted was one which, under normal circumstances, would have been foreign to me. But I set out deliberately, smarting under the wound of the trick that had been put upon me, to *get* this pretty girl. She had wanted to flirt and make love. Very well, I was willing!

I haven't many superstitions, but it seems to me I have never in my life been arrogant and assuming without being punished for it. And my attitude now was anything but a humble one.

The very next morning I purposely made my way to Beatrice Amory's steamer chair.

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"Do you mind if I sit down beside you?" I asked.

She treated me to her innocent stare. "Oh, I'm awfully sorry," she said, "but—but Mr. Darrow said he'd be here at any minute."

She had snubbed me! I almost grinned. "All right," I said cheerfully. "See you later, perhaps."

But when I did see her later during the course of the afternoon, she was busily engaged in playing a deck-game with young Darrow, and merely waved her hand at me. I knew what she was doing as plainly as if she had told me, but in spite of that, I was spurred to a larger interest in her. I studied her attentively. There was no doubt that she was an amazingly pretty and appealing girl.

At dinner that evening she reserved all her smiles for Darrow, and even pretended not to hear me when I asked her a question. And then, quite suddenly, she said to me:

"Do you like to dance, Mr. Kent? There's a dance tonight that——"

"I'm sure you'll enjoy yourself," I interrupted promptly. "No, I think I'll sit out on deck for a while."

My refusal had very evidently piqued her. "Where will you be?" she demanded.

I sat there late, and when she did not arrive, I began to wonder whether, after all, I could possibly be mistaken. Perhaps she hadn't been so anxious to flirt with me as I suspected!

Then, suddenly, like an apparition, she appeared, and dropped into the seat beside me.

"Oh, I wish you'd come and dance!" she said. "You don't know how miserable I am! Why are you being so horrid to me?"

"Horrid to you? I didn't know I was. Can I make it up by dancing? I'd love to dance with you if you'd let me."

We left the deck together. The ship's orchestra broke into a fox trot. As I took Beatrice in my arms, George Darrow hurried up to us.

"Beatrice," he stammered, "you—you were going to dance this with me."

"I think you're mistaken," she answered calmly, and turned her eyes up to me.

The young man looked crestfallen and embarrassed, and I felt a little anger at the cool way in which women use men in order to serve their purpose. It was clear that she had inflamed this boy just to whip me into an interest in her, and now she no longer cared what he thought or felt or suffered.

I TOLD myself I would teach her a lesson. I would keep a cool head, and play her, move for move. If she could tamper so lightly with the emotions of others, it would do no harm to have her own treated as lightly. I felt certain that she liked me, and that I could make her like me more.

But when the dance was over, and I suggested that we wander out to the deck again, she shook her head.

"No," she said, "I think I ought to find George. I've grown awfully fond of him these last few days. Don't you think he's wonderful?"

"Wonderful!" I assented. "And I'd better say good night."

With an air of complete indifference, I turned away, leaving her to seek George Darrow at the other end of the salon.

The next day my indifference was a studied thing. I paid no attention to her, but showed at the same time that I was not angry, or hurt, or jealous. I relapsed into the former moodiness with which I'd begun the voyage, was polite and taciturn. Over and over I would feel her eyes exploring my face as if wondering.

She decided, apparently, that the only cure was to concentrate still more furiously on Darrow. It seemed to me for the rest of that day that I could never go anywhere without finding the two of them appearing suddenly at the same spot. I would smile and nod and go back to my book, showing not the slightest interest, or the least desire to join them.

It was shortly after dinner that evening that Beatrice slipped a little note into my hand. I unfolded the paper, feeling like a school boy. It asked me to meet her in a certain secluded corner of the deck. I put it back into my pocket with a grin.

When I got there, the mask was off for good, and I found a girl who could merely plead with me, and ask me what was the matter over and over.

"Why have you been so cold to me?" she asked. "What have I done? Why don't you like me? Don't you think I'm the least bit pretty or nice?"

It was dark and we were alone. I put my arms around her and kissed her mouth.

"I think you're far too pretty for anyone's peace," I said, seriously enough. "Have I been so cold to you? Let me make it up now."

She sighed in my arms. "I suppose you know I love you," she said softly.

"Are you sure of that?" I asked.

"You don't doubt it, do you?"

"No, no, of course not, Beatrice. And you're the prettiest thing——"

SHE stopped my mouth with a kiss which was given so adroitly as to convince me I was talking to no amateur!

"And just think," she said, "the ship gets in tomorrow, and we've only realized what we mean to each other now."

Was it possible, I wondered, that I had really won her heart? But I doubted that. I meant no more to her, perhaps, than a dozen predecessors. She was undoubtedly insatiable. I visualized a long line of college boys and, in fact, anyone who had been at all attractive to her. Well, for once, she was going to have a lesson!

She had jilted a good many men in her time, no doubt, for all her extreme youth, but I doubted if she had ever been jilted. And that task I appointed to myself. If she had made others suffer humiliation through her callousness, it was only fair that she should taste of that draught herself. I would say good-bye at the pier, and disappear completely, without a word or sign.

There was a final dance that evening, though the one important topic was the hour when we would dock. I went inside with Beatrice and danced with her the whole evening through. After we had been there for half an hour, I noticed that the Darrow boy suddenly put in an appearance.

At the sight of Beatrice in my arms, his look changed. In an interval he found occasion to speak to her. She was very brief in her answers and scarcely took her eyes from my face. And again I had a keen sympathy for him. He looked depressed and unhappy, as if he couldn't make it out.

I couldn't give Beatrice to him, but I knew I could avenge her unfair treatment. If he had been older, I almost think I'd have taken him into my confidence. But then, since he was in love, he wouldn't have been able to understand.

HER deliberate cruelty caused me to revise my plans a little. I decided that I wouldn't simply disappear; I would actually wait and then tell her that I had merely been playing without one serious thought; and that I had enjoyed kissing her and was, of course, only pretending to like her more deeply.

It was with this idea that I sought my cabin, and in the morning after we had gone through quarantine, I hunted for her. But I couldn't find her. No doubt she was busy with her baggage. I recalled the promise I had made to drop in at her father's apartment in the course of the afternoon; it was almost the last thing I had said. I would keep the appointment if only to tell her that I was leaving for the West immediately.

I don't know how it was, but in the confusion of landing, I missed sight of the little flirt entirely. But I reflected that this was all the better. If she liked me even slightly, she would wonder where I was, and why I wasn't dancing attendance.

I went uptown immediately, called up some of my agents, and secured passage on a sleeper leaving for Chicago that evening. Then, having lunched with an old friend, I called at the address Beatrice had given me.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon. I found that the Amorys lived in a house in the west Eighties, a fine old house in its day. They were evidently better off than I had imagined.

A maid ushered me into a reception room, and I sat down to wait for Beatrice. I turned over in my mind just the things I meant to say to her. Any thought of pettiness on my part faded when I recalled the face of young Darrow, its despair and bewilderment. There was no doubt she had succeeded in making the boy fall head over heels in love with her, just for the purpose of overcoming my indifference.

On a table not far away were a group of magazines. I picked up one of the motion picture publications and turned the pages. In the short time that I had been gone, there seemed the usual number of new faces, new sensations and arrivals on the screen. But there were the interviews with the steady public favorites, there even was an ar-

ticle about myself liberally illustrated with photographs that I had forgotten. I turned a page, and then I started, and my blood seemed to pound in my heart!

It was only a "still" from a new spectacle feature film called "Sons of Adam." But in the foreground, among the crowding faces of the extras, I saw one face that I thought I would never see again. I saw Laura Carlsen!

There are times when one's life stands up clear and sharp in blinding retrospect. In that instant I saw the long way that I had gone, the emptiness of my success, the things I had hoped for in vain, the failures that only I knew. I was rich, famous, envied and yet I knew my life for a thing without satisfaction or real happiness. In my heart I condemned myself for a failure.

BETTER to have known that one simple girl, better to have married her and earned a quiet living, unknown except to a few, than all this pompous fame and barren success! And I thought of my love affairs, of the entanglements I had had, the false gods whom I had burned incense to, of this very business upon which I was now engaged.

One thing only was possible. I must speed at once to Los Angeles, find Laura, beg her to forgive me, secure my divorce, no matter what the publicity, from Olga Vassilev, and marry the only woman for whom I had ever cared or ever could care.

Then the door opened. Mrs. Amory entered the room.

"You called to see Beatrice!" she asked with an abstracted air. "Something very strange has happened. In fact, shortly after we landed, she—she ran away and married that young Mr. Darrow!"

"What!" I fairly shouted. And suddenly I saw the ludicrous truth. It hadn't been George Darrow who had been used to spur me on! It had been *I* who had been used to spur him on!

I have a vague recollection of bursting into laughter, and whether Mrs. Amory thought I was a maniac or not, I don't know.

I got out of the house somehow and hurried to the station, as if by hurrying I could make the train go earlier. Beatrice had left my thoughts as completely as if I had never seen her, and after my first amusement at my own defeated vanity, I no longer wondered about her.

But Laura Carlsen occupied my attention completely, and I realized that no other woman had meant so much. I was miserable, torn with impatience, waiting for the train to start, and I could hardly keep my mind on the play I went to see in order to fill in the long hours of waiting. I was as excited as a boy, and fearful, too. I'd thought I would never see her again, and now she was an extra in the movies! But I was afraid, somehow, as if I had a premonition that there was something that would separate us.

But at last I was on the train, and fell asleep to the dull reverberation of the wheels.

What happens when Hal Kent reaches Los Angeles? Does he find Laura Carlsen? And what of his premonition of something that will keep them apart? Follow Hal Kent's adventures in next week's Movie Weekly.

The Love Letters Of a Movie Star

(*Continued from page 7*)

one you said looked like a lotus flower half opened, and I came to the door and peeped around it. You were standing there, in make-up, so tall, so dark, so straight and strong and dashing that I felt faint and leaned against the door to steady myself. "I think we should get acquainted before we become screen lovers, don't you?" you said, and I smiled and opened the door wider for you to come in. I couldn't speak . . . for I know that you were You. The not-impossible He for whom I had been waiting.

The rest of that hour is blurred to me now. For Love was speaking to me—and I knew it. I don't know what I said to you. I should not be surprised if I had not spoken at all. The ringing in my ears precluded coherent speech . . . And then the scenes we took. The new director told me I had "excelled" myself. That was because I was not acting. You . . . *you* had put the breath of life . . . the flame of love . . . into my gestures . . . into my very eyes . . . you have given me a soul, Sweetheart. And I shall keep it for you.

Tonight, again. At six. Let's motor into the country and find some dark and quiet lane where only lovers walk. There I shall tell you better what I have tried to tell you here. Words that come in the end to the same dear, immortal phrase, "I love you!"

(Signed) ....

Must an Actress Know Life to Portray It?

(*Continued from page 3*)

depend upon the capabilities of the actress.

"So, you see, it's really beneficial to an actress to know life, although, as I've said, it isn't absolutely essential if her imagination is trustworthy and not inclined to run away with her. Of course," laughed this charming young woman, "I wouldn't advise anyone to do away with a member of her family in order to know life, but just take every incident that looms up as an added experience and Fate will probably take care that you get a fair assortment of cards in the deal."

Now, do you wonder that we like to interview Alice Joyce? And in the rush we forgot to wish her *Bon Voyage*, so we're doing it here.

"Tuning In" on Your Favorite Movie

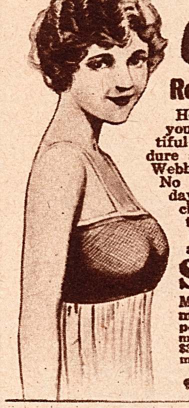
(*Continued from page 12*)

sounds familiar, and, being good musicians, they finish it by ear. How often have you asked some friend sitting at the piano, 'Can you play the Song of Love from "Blossom Time?"' 'Yes,' your friend will say, 'how does it go?' And then when you hum the first few measures he can play right on through it.

"It was this that helped give me my idea. 'Why not,' I said to myself, 'hum the first few measures of each piece for the orchestra leader?' And that's exactly what my cue sheet does. It hums the beginning of each piece, so the orchestra leader can do any of three things. If he hasn't the particular piece called for, that first phrase will give him an idea of the sort of piece wanted and he can approximate it from his own library. Or, as I suggested, if the piece is familiar he may find either that he knows it or that he can finish it by ear. The other thing that he can do is to improvise something of his own, given that first phrase as the theme.

"Remember the orchestration in 'Way Down East,' how much that added to the picture? One theme they played every time the gossipy old maid came into the picture, another piece for Creighton Hale as the 'bug-man?' Well, then you agree with me that the orchestration makes a great difference in the success of a picture."

So that's why all the picture companies were willing to pay large sums of money for the score sheet as devised by Mr. Mintz, and that, fans, is how the music is selected for your movies.



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My Own Story Of My Trip Abroad

(*Continued on page* 11)

stones into the roads and let the automobiles and carts chip them and the rain smooth them down. No steam rollers. An ingenious economy—for the government. But NOT so good for the unfortunate motorists who are not, perhaps, as eager as they might be to improve the government roads at their tires' expense. Not to mention their countenances, their clothes and their nerves.

And when you add to the above items the fact that the road winds like so many writhing serpents, you have a sum total that might well daunt the most adventurous motorist.

When we finally got into Genoa, it was midnight.

AND here in Genoa, at midnight, Natacha had a nervous breakdown.

Between the dust, the rumbling of the motor, the sense of impending and immediate danger, she was absolutely fagged out. The strain that has been telling on her all along came to an end. A collapse. It was just the last straw. This is why we have remained over the other day.

To see Natacha so was a shock to me, too. For I have never seen her so before. She sobbed and wept like a child, and could not be quieted. I was up with her most of the night, doing all of the soothing and calming things I could think of doing. Toward morning she fell asleep and awoke this morning, nearer noon than early morning, feeling refreshed and quieted and insisting that she was quite all right to go on as we had planned.

Shortly after luncheon, which I insisted upon Natacha taking alone in her room, we went out and looked about Genoa a little. Not so much as we might have if Natacha had not had the collapse of the previous evening, however. We spent about an hour roaming about, then I made Natacha rest for half an hour, and after that we drove out to the Agricultural College where I had spent a part of my youth.

Most of my old professors were away on their vacations and I did not have as many to reminisce with as I might have had at another season of the year. But the old gentleman who had charge of the cattle in my time was still there—and still in charge. He was in charge of the Suisserie, where only the thoroughbreds are kept. Luigi is his name. We called him Gigi. And he remembered me well.

I told him that I had been in pictures—and found that he knew nothing whatever about it, or about me. But he did pay me the compliment of observing, with some acidity, that since my time the boys who had been there were "a pack of cowards and fools," and that he often said to them, "If Guglielmi were here, he'd show you how to handle a bull! He could handle them well, and never was afraid of them!"

I quite preened under this compliment. There is enough of the small boy in me still to feel a swelling delight, a sense of prowess at this particular form of flattery.

It is true that I was, always have been and still am, crazy about cattle. Some day . . . but that is another story!

However, and here is something I think Gigi did not know. I had another reason than cattle for hanging so closely about the stables as I did in my school days. And this reason was not a bull—but a girl!

THE cook of the school had, in my day, a very pretty daughter. At least, *I* thought she was pretty. At that sentimental age I was in the state of rhapsodizing a dairy maid into a Lorelia, with little or no strain upon my active imagination. It was for this reason that I haunted the stables, over which the girl lived, though I used, as a doubtless flimsy pretext, the fact that I was interested in a Swiss bull, a very fine breed kept by the government. The country people there make olive oil, raise flowers and sell milk drawn from the little mountain cows—and a very good milk, indeed. These are the industries of the country. Naturally, they can't afford to buy thoroughbreds for themselves and they avail themselves of the thoroughbreds of the schools to cross their breeds and get a better kind of cattle. But to get back to the girl . . . the first maiden who inflamed my adolescent fancy. Perhaps, not to discredit the doubtless fascinating lady, because she was the first girl to cross my amative path since I had been enrolled a student at the Royal Academy of Agriculture. Also, before that time, I had been a little young for such romantic encounters. Although I *did* have a love affair at the age of six. But that sweet episode belongs to my Castellaneta days and shall be recorded in proper place and time.

I made some mention of the cook and, very casually, her pretty daughter—and found that Gigi *did* know about it, after all. ALL about it, too. Thus do the young ever delude themselves with chimeras of their exceeding cleverness. They play, with naive consistency, a sort of ostrich game and are as consistently amazed when they are discovered!

In fact, Gigi not only had known all about my impassioned state, but, as I talked with him, was able to reconstruct far more of the youthful incident than I was able to do. He reminded me of the night I stepped out of the dormitory, came into the study hall, climbed out of the window by the light of a huge lantern and clambered down there down to the main hall. The big door was made of stones with corrugations in between. I put my bare feet (romantic touch!) into them as though they had been stairs, and walked tip-toe to the casement of my love!

Hanging rather precariously beneath the window of my Amaryllis, I warbled a low, sweet Neapolitan air, a love sonnet, until she appeared to my enraptured vision. As Gigi talked, I could see myself indeed, trying to maintain my position with the jaunty grace I felt the occasion demanded of me, gazing upward with great moon eyes, humming my burdened tune.

I felt that I was getting along famously, when I heard an awful racket against the stable door. Fearful and thunderous, I couldn't imagine what it was, but all at once the stable door went wide and—a young calf ran out!

I, perforce, ran after him—for I knew what would happen if he went loose. Even then agriculture conquered my amorousness. It couldn't I think, in the light of later years, have been very fervid. I know what I would do today if I had to choose between the lady of my affections—and a calf!

BUT that night I dropped from my ledge and gave barefooted chase. I got the bare feet all cut up, but I did catch the marauding calf and shut him up again in the stable, from which he had so inopportunely burst forth.

By this time my romantic ardors were somewhat cooled down. I ran back to the school with scarce a glance behind me and managed to climb back into my bed. And I also recall that I fell immediately to sleep to dream . . . not of the summarily deserted maiden, but of hordes of calves, all pursued by love-sick Lotharios with bare and bleeding feet!

I awoke the next day with a desire to make good on my deficiency of the night before. At the first opportunity I betook myself to a tree beneath the desirable window and stood there, arms folded, brows bent, looking up . . . Suddenly I heard a gruff voice saying, "What are you doing there?"

It was one of the professors!

After that I was sent to the stables only once a week. And the cook was told to tell her daughter to *keep her window closed* and not to dare come out, or there would be trouble. I found a remedy for *that.* On top of the manger where the famous bull was kept, there was a little window with an iron grating. I used to go in sideways to avoid the bull's horns and would attempt to distract his attention by the bribery of choice morsels to eat. When I had him munching and looking the other way, I jumped on to the little window sill, crouched there, slightly cramped as to position, but nothing else, and talked all of the afternoon. Talked to my Elisa, which, I remember, was her name. She was a slip of a girl, but she seemed to me at that time to incarnate all of the poetic loveliness of woman of which I had, thus far, only dreamed and read.

After that episode, I may remark in passing, I was constantly and all the time in love, after the manner of my race. Italy is the veritable land of love, with every breeze a caress and every color of sea and earth a token of some lovely woman's hair or jewelled eyes.

It is some satisfaction to me, upon looking back and remembering what a love-sick stage I was in, the love-sick stage and age that attacks every

youth, I suppose, to recall that I really did achieve some success at the agricultural school and was graduated with the highest honors my class could confer. This meant so much to my mother! And it meant, if possible, even more to me, because I hadn't done so well at my previous educational efforts.

Luigi and I rambled on and on. I asked after this and that class-mate, getting, as one does, a variety of stories, some happy and full of honors, some bitter with disappointment, a death or two, some tragedies that made me very sad, as I recalled the carefree, ambitious, gay youngsters we had really been at the time, in spite of how we thought ourselves so mature. So much men! So much, even, men of the world!

As to Elisa and her admirable mother, the cook, Luigi told me that the cook is still there, though away on her doubtless well-earned vacation at the time. Well-earned, certainly, if the boys today ate as prodigiously as the boys of my time.

As for Elisa, she, I learned, is married to one of her countrymen, has two children and is, though Luigi did not tell me this, probably a matron inclined to avoirdupois and bearing no resemblance to the slim, dreamy-eyed girl who caused me so many palpitations in my younger days!

Vale, Elisa! You did more for me than either you or I could think at that time. I wish you well, for now you are a memory, sweet-smelling and very young. It would destroy one of the fragile and precious memories that make youth the fragile and precious thing it ought to be.

I don't know how long Luigi and I reminisced there on the familiar college piazza. After we had got through with the Past, I told him all that I had been doing, my struggles, my successes and my hopes for the future, and found the dear man one of the most interested listeners I have ever talked with. He made me know more than anything thus far, that I had, indeed, come home.

Doubtless it was not very interesting for Natacha and Auntie, considering the fact that they could not understand one word of Gigi's dialect. And the cold of the Italian night coming on swiftly almost froze them.

I think I shall have to rise early in the morning to finish this. I can't keep Natacha awake by my scribbling, and so many things come into my mind to say that I could keep on indefinitely. More in the early dawn, when I shall rise quietly and sit in the rising gold sun of Italy and write...

On to Castellaneta, the place of Valentino's birth. The place of many memories! Go with the famous screen star back to the scenes of his childhood. Re-live with him his early youth. Follow Valentino's travels in next week's Movie Weekly.

Study the Stars If You Would be Loved by Men

(Continued from page 9)

However, some very glaring and ludicrous mistakes can be avoided if you will give a thought in your endeavor to dress and look like a movie star. It makes no difference which one you choose. There is not one that is not beautiful and lovely and admired by men.

I have seen tall, sallow girls with large feet and elbows and pointed shoulders, obviously dressed to imitate a gay little sprite like Colleen Moore or Dorothy Gish. When just a little thought and care and a thorough reading of Movie Weekly would have pointed out to her one example after another, showing her how to hide her defects and accentuate her good points.

Tall, thin girls should wear long, loosely draped gowns, as does Betty Blythe. Avoid black unless the color is decidedly becoming, because black tends to make one look thin. Tans and grays will soften the angles. Loose flowing sleeves, a low waist line and pleats wherever possible, even on the waist, will all bring out any hidden curves.

If your eyes and hair are light, accentuate their color by wearing blue and violet. Not orchid, orchid is a very trying color. If your eyes and hair are dark, but not dark enough to be distinctive, wear tan, yellow or light green. Real dark hair and eyes can wear almost any color except those that make the skin too swarthy. You do not want an unwashed look. Orange and dark red are not as becoming to all brunettes as we are led to suppose. I find that unless your skin is very fair and your coloring very strong, it is best to leave vivid shades alone.

As for your coiffure, there is no rule, and I would say disregard style entirely except in the matter of ornaments. Of course wear combs when combs are in style, and likewise favor bands when they are in vogue. As a usual thing there are only one or two ways for each one to arrange her hair most becomingly. Here is where a study of the stars will be most valuable. A general rule to follow is to dress the hair to be becoming to your profile. Full face, one's coloring and expression may make up for deficiencies in the coiffure. But in profile your features are more conspicuous, usually less beautiful, and every line counts. The way your hair is arranged may change your whole posture.

If your nose is upturned and piquant as Gloria's, study the contour of her head. I know she appears to change the style of her hair arrangement in each pose, but you will find the general scheme of outline is always the same. She usually wears it tight to her head in the back, close on her forehead or held tight to her head by a band. If your nose is high-bridged, like Anita Stewart's, observe how she always has fluffy hair across her brows and forehead and builds her hair out full in back.

When the cheek bones are prominent, decide for yourself whether you want to accentuate them by drawing away from the cheeks and eyes, as does Pauline Starke, and sometimes Agnes Ayres, or whether you will wear your hair very full around your cheeks, as does Corinne Griffith. Personally, I do not admire too high cheek bones. They give a peasant or cat look to the face.

DO NOT forget the chin. A heavy chin is as disfiguring as a retreating one. If your chin is long, wear your hair low on the necks and cheeks to balance your face. Mary Pickford's chin is long, and you will note her hair is always low around her face.

Regardless of the style, do not wear your hair drawn back off your ears if they are large. No matter how becoming the style, no man could whisper love words in a big, outspreading appendage on the side of your head. If your ears are set close to your head and are only a trifle large and you insist on drawing it back, wear the hair across the upper part of the ear a little and use large round earrings close to the face and high as possible on the lobe of the ear.

If your face is thin, wear your hair as high as possible and not too bushy. That sounds revolutionary, but study Carol Dempster and you will see for yourself. Her face is very thin and she looks prettiest when her hair is caught up away from her jaw. Hair casts a shadow and makes the cheeks look hollow.

You cannot go wrong if you study the photographs on these pages. These beautiful girls are schooled in all the arts of beauty and love. Any little style or mannerism that you note and that is consistent with your type, you would do well to study and make your own. The stars are generous. They will not mind. Their whole existence is to please you.

As a closing word just a mention of cosmetics. Make-up is important. If it improves you, use it, but err on the side of too little rather than too much. Boys may scold their sisters for using rouge, but the girls they take out and the ones they marry all knew a trick or two about colors and shades of powder and rouge. Do not allow your make-up to be obvious. Subtlety is the most powerful factor in charming a man. Although you want to be beautiful and shall do all in your power to improve your appearance, do not advertise the fact that you have to depend on too much artifice. Suggest, the man's imagination will do the rest. If he can see the rouge and powder, there is nothing for him to imagine. He knows you use it, and what he may imagine is, how you look in the morning before you put it on.

Just do not forget to study the stars. Their use of make-up is an art. Study their hair, the shape of their eyes and their lips, and the nearer you come to look like your favorite, the more you will be loved by men.

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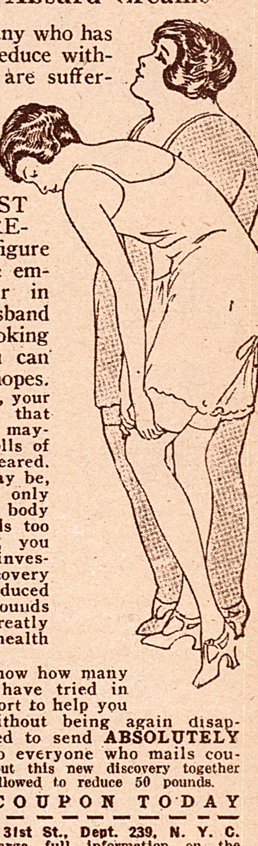

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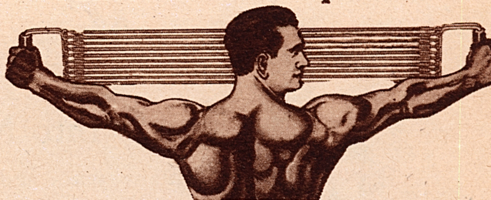

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Studio News Notes

A Berlin man has succeeded in solving the problem of throwing living colors upon the screen, it seems. He is an inventor named Ludwig Horst, and he has perfected his invention after seven years of intensive study. The means whereby he obtains his unique color results is through the use of optical mirrors built into a specially constructed camera. These mirrors reflect the changing color combinations upon ordinary film, reproducing human flesh colors and blonde hair as well as every shade of green with lifelike fidelity. It looks as though the colored film has come at last!

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Lois Wilson has enjoyed (if you would call it such) the peculiar distinction of hiding her beauty under a make-up. Miss Wilson, by actual count, has appeared in more "homely" roles than any other popular young star in moviedom. In "Miss Lulu Bett," in "Only 338," and in "Icebound," which she has just finished, Miss Wilson played the parts of girls who were sweet but plain. If you knew the radiant loveliness of her face, you would wonder how she has the courage to make such a sacrifice.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Bull Montana, they say, is going to desert the screen for the legitimate stage. Bull, it seems, has nurtured in his bosom for a long time the bacillus of stage ambition, and he is about to realize his hopes now in a West Coast production called "Smiles of 1924." The play is a musical review, the cast of which is headed by Annette Kellerman, and Bull is one of the principal comedians.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Anita Stewart, who is one of filmland's oldest and most enduring favorites, is at present vacationing in Hollywood. Miss Stewart owns considerable real estate and she has gone West to look over her 4,000 acres of oil land. No oil as yet, she says, has been discovered on the property, but it was called oil land by the man who sold it to her and oil land it has remained.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

The attractive young hero of Charlie Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris" was none other than Car Miller, and his appearance in the Chaplin picture elevated him to a first place in the ranks of male screen favorites. Mr. Miller, in private life, was an artist, and he deserted sculpturing for the screen, just as Rex Ingram intends deserting the screen for sculpturing when he goes to Tunis, Africa, shortly, to live.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Mary Pickford's new picture, "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," will follow "The Covered Wagon" at the Criterion Theatre on its opening May 4th. It was as much for this purpose that Mary came East recently, together with Doug, as it was for the opening of Doug's picture, "The Thief of Bagdad." The two picture stars plan to sail shortly for Europe, where they will enjoy a much-needed rest. However, the date of the sailing takes place, we are told, on April 12th, and this precludes Mary's being present at the opening of her new picture.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Charles Ray, having lost a good-sized bank roll on "The Courtship of Miles Standish," is said to be through with super-costume pictures for the time, at least. Ray will return to the producing managership of Thomas H. Ince, the man who originally made him, and his future appearances on the screen, until further notice, at any rate, will be in the type of picture that made him popular—the simple, country, mother's boy sort. All movie fans for three or four years back remember Charles Ray as such and as such loved him.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

They say in "Cytherea," the Samuel Goldwyn picture that George Fitzmaurice is directing now in Hollywood, there have been two endings filmed. One is the so-called happy ending, which is a concession to public taste, and the other is the sad ending which the novel contained. They are going to try both endings out on the public and whichever the public likes most will remain.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Dorothy Mackaill, who is to play the leading feminine role in "The Man Who Came Back," has had an interesting time recently trying to find a red sweater. A part of the story is laid in a Shanghai dive, and it was in this scene that Miss Mackaill was supposed to wear a sort of blousy-looking red sweater. It couldn't be a new one, of course, so Dorothy has had her own troubles in finding one that was exactly suitable.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

As a sequel to the attack made upon him by Ralph Ince, George Stewart, the brother of Anita Stewart, film star, has begun suit against Ince for $50,000. The trouble arose some months ago on the Boston Post Road, just after the two had left a roadhouse. Some remark was made by Ince at which young Stewart took offence, and it resulted in the former setting upon the latter and pummeling him so severely that he was later taken to a hospital.

The suit of young Stewart against Ince is for damages sustained and to recover payment of medical services.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Agnes Ayres denies that she is engaged to Ricardo Cortez, movie actor. The two have been rumored betrothed for some time, but this emphatic denial of Miss Ayres seems to lay all rumors at rest.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Ernest Torrence, the screen's most perfect villain, has begun work in Famous Players' Astoria studio on "The Mountebank," by William J. Locke. It has long been the cherished ambition of Mr. Torrence to play the role of Andrew Lackaday, and it comes as a reward for his sterling good work in "The Covered Wagon" and other Paramount productions.

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The White Sin

(*Continued from page* 18)

shyness withheld her. Hattie Lou, due to the blighting austerity of Aunt Cynthia on anything remotely social, had never entered into the social activity of Farm Center.

Her life, therefore, had been restricted largely to her Aunt Cynthia's home and, during the season, to regular periods of school. Restricted, however, as Hattie Lou's life had been, her dreams had known no bounds, and these were invariably of far distant places of magic enchantment, like cities and ballrooms, and glittering jewels and gorgeous clothes. Only Ginger knew the half of it!

As Hattie Lou neared the post-office, a big yellow roadster swept around the corner of Oak Street, containing a bevy of laughing young folk. Hattie Lou knew the car and those in it. It belonged to the Van Gores—Farm Center's richest family—and its occupants were Preston and Grace Van Gore, the son and daughter, respectively, of the house of Van Gore.

Hattie Lou had frequently wondered at the strange interest Preston Van Gore took in her movements whenever they met. The young man, who was the "flash" type of youth, invariably eyed Hattie Lou with strange, eager intentness whenever they came together in Farm Center. His sister, Grace, however, Hattie Lou knew somewhat better from school, although the Van Gore girl was three years older.

TO HER astonishment now, the big yellow roadster swerved suddenly over near the curb and came to a slow stop. Hattie Lou, walking, quickly approached it. Her astonishment was caused by the fact that they seemed to be talking about her. As she came near, she had a fleeting picture of Preston Van Gore's eyes fastened beadily upon her. The next instant, Grace Van Gore had alighted from the motor car and had approached her.

"Hello, Hattie," Miss Van Gore said pleasantly. Hattie Lou paused irresolutely. She was puzzled by her rich acquaintance's approach.

"I'll tell you what I wanted to ask you," said Grace. "We're making an ocean trip in the yacht and I wondered if you wouldn't care to come along --sort of as my companion . . . helping me dress, and things, you know."

Hattie Lou blushed a bright scarlet.

She felt the condescension of the other's attitude, but the sovereign escape it offered from the terrible monotony of her life was wonderful. The older girl sensed her embarrassment, and hastened to relieve it.

"Oh, you understand, Hattie," she declared, "that we shall all be friends together. I shouldn't think of asking you, otherwise."

"I was thinking," Hattie Lou said slowly, "about what I should do when I came back. My aunt will disown me."

"Come and live with us," Grace urged. "I've had someone with me ever since I left school, you know, and I need someone now."

Looking over the windshield of the car, Hattie Lou found the beady gaze of Preston Van Gore fastened on her steadily. She shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't know," she admitted helplessly. "I'd like to go, but—I'll have to think it over."

The Van Gore girl thrust out her hand. "Do so," she said heartily, "and let me know in the morning."

Hattie Lou smiled uncertainly and said goodbye. Her brain was in a whirl.

Would she go? she asked herself.

She would sleep on it first.

Which she did.

And the following morning, spurred by her elderly aunt's querulous complaints, she slipped out of the house to a corner drug store and telephoned Grace Van Gore.

"It's all right," she said tremblingly. "I'll—I'll go! I'll go if I can take Ginger!"

And, having said this, she promptly burst into tears.

Thus did life open for Hattie Lou Harkness, a new road that was to lead her over many a rock and stone. Read what happened on the ocean trip when Hattie Lou went aboard the Van Gore yacht. In next week's Movie Weekly.

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